


PITFALLS
AND
SAFEGUARDS

STEINER.





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PITFALLS AND SAFEGUARDS.

BY
M. S. STEINER.

WITH AN INTRODUCTION

BY
D. H. BENDER.

There is a way which seemeth right unto a man; but the end thereof are the ways of death.—*Solomon.*

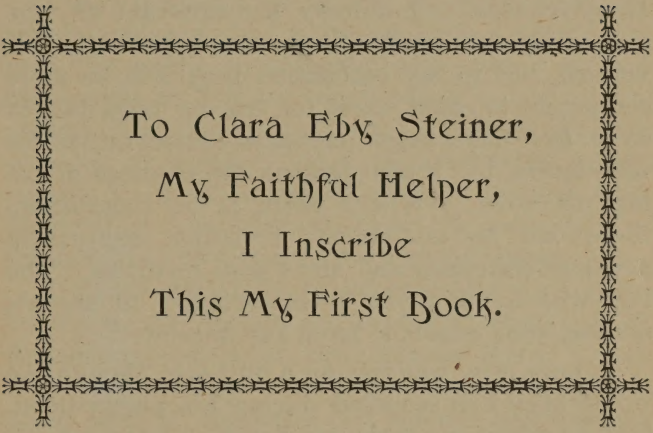
I am the way, the truth, and the life: no man cometh unto the Father but by me.—*Jesus Christ.*

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To Clara Eby Steiner,
My Faithful Helper,
I Inscribe
This My First Book.

WORDS PREFATORY.

If ignorance were bliss, the author of this book might be justly criticised for his course. Many readers, undoubtedly, are ignorant of "the exceeding sinfulness" of some sins exposed, in this volume, but in my estimation they will be more competent to resist them for having been taught so to do. Knowledge increases opportunities for temptation, but it also lessens the chances of being overcome. Where there is no temptation, there can be no virtue; resisting temptation develops character and stern soul qualities. The boy who is not given an opportunity to use his muscle, soon ceases to have any muscle.

A man, who was raising a bird-dog, thought he would keep him secluded during his puppy-hood, that he might not form the habit of killing barn-yard fowls; but when the owner released him to test his theory of education, he was much bewildered to see the dog fast after the fowls, killing every one before he could be called off.

There is nothing gained in trying to suppress knowledge of those things that sooner or later make their appearance, and by which men and women are continually tempted and ruined. Christ's mission was to open the eyes of the blind, and heal the broken-hearted. It behooves His

own to follow in the steps of the Master. The world is wicked, sinful, lost, to-day as much so as ever, and the object of this volume is to reach out and help a little. May the ignorant be made conscious of the pits all about them, may the convictions of those who endeavor to live upright lives be deepened, and may the "more excellent way" be distinctly pointed out to such as have wandered from the path of life.

I have quoted more or less in each chapter for several reasons. As a young man I cannot expect the public to unhesitatingly accept all my arguments, so I have taken pains in adding the weight of competent authority. Besides, sins are exposed of which I have no knowledge experimentally. I often speak of facts learned from observation and gleaned from the testimony of those who have tasted of life's bitter lessons.

I desire gratefully to acknowledge my indebtedness to my friends and brethren, Pastor J. S. Shoemaker, editor of the *Sunday School Lesson Helps*, for reading with me the manuscript of this book; to C. K. Hostetler, for several years editor of the *Young People's Paper*, and to Prof. N. E. Byers, principal of the "Elkhart Institute," each of whom gave me the benefit of their judgment in questionable points.

M. S. STEINER.

Pandora, Ohio.

INTRODUCTION.

Adam and Eve were happy in the Garden of Eden because God had created the earth good and beautiful for them and their posterity.

They ate, drank, slept, and moved about, performing all the functions of body, mind, and soul apparently in perfect security from all danger. But the arch enemy had digged a pitfall for their destruction, and before they were aware of it, they deliberately, though unwittingly, fell into it.

Having been successful in his first adventure to entrap the climax of God's creation, man, he, together with his countless agencies, has been steadily engaged in setting traps, laying snares and manipulating cunning devices of deception whereby to take captive the frivolous, the unwary, and the innocent, and so well has this fiendish work succeeded that at the present day what would appear to the untutored eye to be *terra firma* proves on careful investigation to be but honey-combed strata of pits and dens to inveigle the thoughtless pilgrim.

As a means of decoy, these pits, preliminary to the bottomless, often have their horrid, gaping mouths hidden beneath the cover of money, amusements, fashions, worldly position, and kindred subtle contrivances, and thus each year

thousands of the flower of youth, the splendor of manhood and womanhood and the glory of old age are plunged headlong to destruction.

Although tracts, pamphlets, and even books have been written to warn against these Satanic inventions, yet the open sphere of usefulness for this volume, the pressing need and urgent demand for it in society and in the church, must be obvious to all who peruse its pages.

The author's experience in city mission work, his travels and labors in the evangelistic field, and his personal contact with all classes of society and conditions of individuals, together with his natural adaptation to this line of work have especially qualified him for this important task.

All those who have heard him from the pulpit, or the platform, and others who read the contents of this book will learn that the author has no inclinations to make any form of sin appear respectable, or offer modern excuses for its unavoidable (?) existence, but that only the unvarnished truth is presented, and every thrust at the vices under consideration is made with the Sword of the Spirit so that the light of God's immaculate word may shine to the bottom of these horrible pits, revealing the misery, woe, and destruction awaiting those who may be unfortunately allured into them.

The order of the subject arrangement of the book commends itself. Money, found at the "root of all evil," digs the first pit for the covetous; amusements and fashion, for the frivolous and the gay; and *love*, the most natural and the most

elevating as well as the master passion of the race, when misappropriated opens more avenues leading to ruin of body, mind, and soul than numerous other lines of temptations combined and millions perish at her shrine.

Man, as a rule, does not choose the downward path, nor does he deliberately seek questionable territory, or run headlong into the enemies' ranks. God created him with lofty aims and noble aspirations to virtue, honor, and holiness. When he therefore becomes an instrument of vice, a mongrel of lust, or a monster of iniquity, it is not usually the result of his own will, or choice, but because by some influence, or power, he has been misled, deceived, and precipitated unawares.

The huge Canadian moose plodding listlessly along the forest path in search of food, suddenly and without a moment's warning, plunges headlong into the hunter's pit which has been so effectually disguised that the poor creature has detected nothing irregular on the surface.

The roaming herds of cattle on the vast Arizona plains, lose from their number many which wander into the dangerous, leaf-covered sink pits in that region and instantly drop out of sight and reach of help.

The unwary fisherman in pursuit of his worthy occupation along the quicksand shoals of Great Britain's shore, without discovering any material change in the appearance of the surface, becomes aware that he is gradually but surely going down, and at each effort to withdraw his feet and regain safe footing, he is horrified to find himself sink-

ing deeper and deeper, and if help fails to speedily reach him, he is entombed alive.

So men and women in the moral sphere do not always realize their dangerous environments, and in recklessly pursuing a vain desire for pleasure and amusement; or in a wild rush to obtain fame and fortune; or blindly entering the giddy whirlpool of misguided love and sensuality, they finally awaken to the lamentable fact that they have been decoyed into the intricate fastnesses of the enemy. And if they are ever rescued it is often only after they have been divested of all that is noble and useful in body, mind, and character.

How important, then, that restrictions and safeguards be thrown around the innocent and unwary. This book deals with a few of the most durable. The Christian home asserts an influence over its members that is hard to destroy and will serve as a defense against many temptations and dangerous pursuits in life. The memory of its activities has often been the means to redeem the wretched prodigal in the "far country." The prayers and blessings of godly parents and the counsel of true, sincere friends may turn the weary feet of a poor, deluded, drifting mortal into the paths of safety and righteousness. But above all, the religion of the Lord Jesus Christ is *the* indispensable safeguard that will ward off every allurements of the world, hold in check the lust of the flesh, and defend against all the wiles of the devil. A rock against which the very "gates of hell" shall not prevail. O, praise the Lord for His unspeakable gift to sinful man!

Though our heart bleeds in sorrow, sadness, and tender sympathy when we contemplate the wrecks of God's strongest characters—Samson, David, Solomon, Peter, etc., who in unguarded moments fell into the coils of Satan, still there follows a warm flow of inexpressible joy, gladness, and thanksgiving to a merciful heavenly Father for the "blessed assurance" that there is provided a means of escape, a "power that saves."

The power that raised David from the "horrible pit" and set his feet on a "rock"; that redeemed Peter from his fallen state and made him a feeder of lambs; and that has transformed so many wrecked and polluted temples into vessels meet for the Master's use; that same tender Father, that same loving Jesus, that same comforting Spirit that saved and kept all the faithful ones down through the ages, beckons, calls, pleads for men and women to-day to secure themselves against the snares, traps, and devices of Satan by taking refuge in His almighty arms that when they fail on earth they may be received into everlasting habitations.

My prayer is that God may own and use this little volume to refine society, bless the church, and glorify the Lord Jesus Christ.

D. H. BENDER.

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"Constant occupation prevents temptation."

Not slothful in business; fervent in spirit; serving the Lord.—*Paul*.

Many have failed because they "cut across lots" to expected success. An important condition to all in the race is to *keep the road*. It is a straight and narrow way with here and there a traveler, rough often, often hilly and rocky. God's way to success is to give a man much to do and great inducements to do it. He must keep that road or get lost in the woods. Many a rich and popular man has been corrupt and useless; many a poor and unhonored one has been a blessing to mankind. Lazarus was a success; Dives, a failure.—*Wm. M. Thayer*.



CHAPTER I.

MONEY—SINS FOR WANT OF IT.

“Money is dirt,” remarked the spendthrift as he pitched a piece of coin into the air. “Yes,” replied a sensible fellow, standing near by, “but dirt is not money.” There is a wrong, and there is a right use of money. Some under-estimate, some over-estimate, while others simply appreciate its value. Shakespeare may have thought more of making poetry than of telling the truth when he wrote, “He that steals my purse steals trash.” “Dirt” that is convertible into food, home, and property is a very desirable trash. A dollar is the equivalent of six hours labor, and represents the consumption of so much muscle, bone, nerve, and tissue. Somebody worked hard for that dollar. No man has a right to slight it. But loved with a miserly affection it becomes “the root of all evil.” Consider with me then some sins for want of it.

On my way to St. Louis, on the “fast line,” one frosty September morning, my attention was arrested at the sight of a girl, near the track about twenty miles from the city. Her dress consisted of a sailor hat which was hanging loosely on her back, a black skirt and red blouse. She had kindled a fire and was getting ready for breakfast. The wind played with her beautiful hair which

she was combing. From her expression I read as in a book a biographical sketch as follows: "I am twenty-five years old, was brought up in a respectable community, had many friends and admirers, and all the prospects of a useful and happy life. But adversity came unbidden and from that hour I found this world cold and frigid. I battled for the right for a season against heavy trials and disappointments, but my friends forsook me. No one would give me work. I am what I am, you look at me, wonder and condemn. I cannot help myself and no man will. I simply do the best I can and leave the rest to God." I said to the passenger at my side, "Did you see that, and have we come to all this in America—that the product of our poverty gone to seed results in the *woman tramp*?" "Yes," said he, "and the end is not yet."

In the afternoon of that day about the same distance from the city westward, winding along the Missouri river, our train in full speed, and not within sight of village, highway, or cottage, there was a shriek, a danger signal, a whizzing of air brakes, a stand-still and backing up. "What is the matter?" cried the passengers in excitement. After some imagination, and wild guesses, the word, "A man was run over" told the story. Some of us went out to see and there lay a strong mulatto of about thirty-five years, mangled, bleeding, speechless, dying. A bottle in his coat pocket let us into the secret of the accident. He was taken into the baggage car and at the next station handed over to the town for treatment. Many a

poor fellow takes to the bottle because the burdens of life press him to the earth. He aims to drown out but instead solicits more trouble. Hunger and want is a gnawing passion that drives many a poor soul into the open jaws of sin and death. Hopeless, helpless, penniless conditions bring on experiences that cut deeper wounds than the black-snake of the slave master—they pierce the soul with many a sorrow and force humanity to steal or perish—starve or sin.

POVERTY.

Poverty is not always an excuse for sin, sometimes sin is a cause for poverty. Extravagance, living beyond one's means, sham displays of wealth, desire to keep up with the style, greed for popularity, laziness, and other similar snares entangle, bewilder, and drive many thousands to despair and ruin. These become an easy prey to the spoiler. They launch out into some questionable traffic, for a bridging over and until a better day dawns. But once in the embrace of a false hope they are sure to make shipwreck, and for those who have once gone under *earth* has no remedy. "These are wells without water, clouds that are carried with a tempest; to whom the mist of darkness is reserved forever." But there is another phase to this question; says Josiah Strong, "Wealth is often a well-earned reward and poverty is sometimes a well-deserved penalty, but they are becoming more and more in this country a matter of inheritance—a distinction which finds no shadow of justification in the character of those

whose circumstances point so strong a contrast.”* According to the estimation of Mr. Booth fifty per cent of the very poor of East London are so because of a lack of employment, and a similar per cent of the wretched poor of New York are said to be in that state for like cause.

In December following the World's Fair in Chicago, I saw men in the City Hall “stretched out upon the stone corridors,” lined up side by side, heads out against the wall and feet in, leaving a narrow space for spectators and “sight-seers.” These poor fellows, half starved, doubled up their hats for pillows and used newspapers for cover. There were thousands of them. Those who were turned out of the City Hall for want of room applied at the Harrison Street Prison, in some saloon or mission and often quarreled for standing room. These were no desperadoes, they were

“MEN OUT OF WORK.”

“In St. Petersburg the wanderer has a plank bed to sleep upon and he has it all to himself;” but in our home land of plenty, “land of the free and home of the brave,”—land of the pauper and the slave—there have been times when thousands knew not where to lay their heads. The pendulum of the clock in motion marks the extremes, so with the passions of men let loose. The pleasures of Jackson Park the one, poverty and death in the slums the other. Say, wise men, enthusiasts and World's Fair advocates, you who would have

* *New Era*, p. 156.

pleasure at any cost, did you take pains to stoop down and take a serious look at your fallen brother's condition after the fair was over ?

“Alas that fun should be so dear,
And flesh and blood so cheap.”

From the same city in the summer of 1897 “tramps” were shipped out to the prairies of Kansas and Nebraska in box cars. Farmers met them at the stations with wagons and conveyed them to the harvest fields. They paid the railroad companies at the rate of a dollar per head for freight! How can manhood baffle ruin at such a price!

Some find work, more than they can do, but at starvation wages. A cry was raised by press and speech three or four years ago against the so-called “sweating system.” To-day no voice is heard; the world has become accustomed to the new order of things, and human flesh is sacrificed by the hundred-weight for a mere pittance. One of the Cleveland papers lifted its voice against employing labor at the rate of 30 cents for 15 hours' work, but we hear of no good resulting from the discussion. “Owing to hard times,” the paper stated, “the heads of the families where the shops are conducted, are out of employment and some have had no work for more than a year. In the majority of cases they are in actual want; but though poverty-stricken, they are possessed of a commendable degree of pride. They readily clutch at the slender opportunities like a drowning man at a straw. There is not enough for all, even at the starvation wages paid, and competi-

tion is very keen. The unscrupulous proprietors of the dens do not hesitate to take advantage of this condition of affairs."*

As many as 119,000 persons have been

CAST OUT OF THEIR HOMES

in one year in New York city alone because they were unable to pay up rents.

In every large city in the United States there are tenement districts alive with human beings, venom, and filth. From ten to forty-five people sleep in one room—men, women, boys, girls, and children, representing all the way from one to a dozen families. Is it any wonder that Dr. Southey claims that some of these "are not so much born into the world as damned into it"? Yet there "are to be found miracles of human innocence, girls as pure as driven snow, young men leading holy and upright lives, uncontaminated by the vice and filth in the midst of which their lot is cast."†

My experience in mission work among some of these people enables me to affirm to the truth of the statement. I have been surprised time and again to find so much virtue in the midst of so much temptation.

The poor must struggle against heavy odds at every turn. They pay three and four times more for rent per cubic foot than the rich. For coal they pay twice the amount; for money at the

* *Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

† *If Christ Came*, p. 131.

pawn shops at the rate of 120 per cent. Moreover sanitary conditions are not to be compared.

In the mining regions of Pennsylvania, men dig coal and put it on board the cars at the rate of twenty cents per ton.* Sometimes these miners work in a stooped position, standing in mud and water which is several inches deep. Sometimes they dig for days lying on their backs. More than this, all their goods, groceries, and provisions must be bought at the company store where a double price is asked for a second-hand ware. Cases have actually been placed upon record where men have been "turned off" because they drew out too much money—*three dollars a week*. The same thing is true of many logging camps.

In the South the negroes on the large plantations are driven to their work "under mortgage." Whether they cultivate cotton and corn by the crop, day, or year, the "superintendent" invariably manages to hold a \$25 or \$50 claim against his hired help. He buys all their rations—"corn and bacon," as well as their clothes. The negro could make money by farming on the share if he had an honest master, but under the present system he is a *free* slave, and knows no way of ever being emancipated. I suppose there are whole counties where one-fourth of our Southern population groan under the curse of mortgaged labor.

MORALITY STRUGGLES FOR EXISTENCE.

I asked one old colored blacksmith of Mississippi, "Have you a wife?" "Yes, sah, I think I

* From a Superintendent of mines at Meyersdale, Pa.

have," was the reply. "Where is she?" "Don't know." "How does that come?" "Oh, sah, there is no law in the South, you know, to protect a colored man in his home." "How do you make that out?" "Well, sah, I had a nice wife, and one day a fella came along and took her away, and I could do nothin'." "Where did they go?" "To Texas, I suppose." "And you could do nothing?" "No, sah, the law does nothin' for colored people." The old man was about right. Many colored people know not virtue—they are strangers to it. If they were better housed, clothed, fed, and educated, they would in one or two generations rise to the moral standard of the whites.

The poor cling to the idea that they must have some pleasure and enjoyment in this world. They cannot have it in the home, or at public gatherings of a refined nature, so they take to the saloon, dance, show, and low class place of amusement. The church has no attraction to one who has practiced the fast life; they have no money left for the church fees. And so

THE STORY GOES.

"The vexed question is," says M. Moore, "What is to become of our young people, who were not born with a silver spoon attachment?" A pretty girl applied to the manager of a big store for a position. He told her she could go to work at three dollars per week. She was fairly well educated, competent, and bright. She looked at him amazed: "Why, I cannot pay my board with such wages!" He leaned back in his chair

and looked at her smilingly, and said, "It seems to me a girl like you might have a friend who would be willing to help her along."

I know that these are not nice things to speak of and that there are thousands of girls who work on a pittance and struggle on,—good, honest girls. But there are many homeless girls who go "to the wall" because the wages paid will not keep soul and body together. I cannot help but believe that the employer who sees a fellow creature in need and closes up an honest day's wages against him, is heaping upon himself the judgment and indignation of a righteous God. The percent of the poverty-cursed is increasing at an alarming rate. Not only is it true that "one half of the people do not know how the other half live," but not one fourth of those who might know care to know. The sin of omission is far more prevalent than the sin of commission. "When saw we," is the cry. When you had eyes and looked not—could *do good* and did it not. Man is his brother's keeper. Ever since Cain had to answer for a murdered Abel, the stronger must answer for the weaker,—the abuser for the abused. The millions in city, town, and country who have no aim in life, no character, no home, nothing to strive for, hope for, pray for, are a sickening, contagious menace to the nation and an open sore in the eyes of the church! The greed of self intoxicates the inner man and paralyzes the nobler functions of the soul. The by-word of the students of an Ohio Medical College, "Each man for himself and the devil for us all," expresses the sentiment

only too often practiced; and the "silver rule" of the West, "Do up others or they will do you up," voices a condition of the business world that makes one tremble over the situation. Vulgar sentiments and expressions of the kind mentioned strewn broadcast throughout the land are sure to bring in a bountiful harvest of "bums" and anarchists.

The gulf between rich and poor is

TOO WIDE AND DEEP

in society, in business, and in religion. Men of the world have very little use for those who do not belong to their set, club, or church. They may drink but not together; the one in a "Maze," the other in an underground shop. They may go to the theatre and the dance; but the one up-town, the other down-town. One moves among the "city swells," the other the "city bums." There is no place to bring the two together in this life. The churches are largely divided on the *money bases*. In the same denomination there is the church of the aristocrats and the church of the poor. They may be brethren; they may believe the same word, confess the same creed, sing the same songs, recite the same prayers, but they cannot occupy the same church. The moneyed must worship together, and the poor must worship together. All this has its effect on the world and on the word preached. The modern church may boast of her "liberal creed," "broad system of theology," "charitable gifts," "freedom of thought," and the like, but her orthodoxy would be most wonderfully warped should the announce-

ment be made that "hereafter money shall have no bearing in admitting members into this congregation." Liberality of thought and freedom of belief has had no effect in overcoming the money prejudice. The apostolic church may be criticised for some of her narrow-minded customs and beliefs, but her narrowness was broad and liberal enough to contain and retain in the same body a rich Philemon and a runaway slave Onesimus. The two extremes could stand side by side, at the same altar, and be received as members into the same church, by the same confession and belief in the same Lord and Savior. Such a thing is out of the question in many fashionable up-town congregations.

I called on the superintendent of a mission on 22nd St. in Chicago in 1895, and on questioning him as to the work under his charge was told that the mission is supported by a congregation "up town," that he was stationed there to convert the people, train up the children, and build up the community, but not to organize a church. This his brethren up town would not allow. They must not be organized into an E— Church, but satisfy themselves by simply being recognized as Christians. The qualification for membership with that denomination required the applicant to have social prestige,—he must have money,—a qualification that in Christ's mind disqualified—"How hardly shall they who have riches enter into the kingdom of God." No, no! What can be done? Not even the grave with all its horror and solemnity seems to awaken the sympathy that

should exist between rich and poor. The rich bury their dead with pomp and display, and erect for them costly monuments in the cemetery; the poor are shipped to Potter's field and buried without farther ceremony. Earth has no place where rich and poor may dwell together in peace. How will it be in heaven? Will there ever be any apologies there for slights and inattentions here?

An arrogant, proud, selfish, and

INDEPENDENT SPIRIT,

prevalent in so many who are well-to-do, excites the spirit of envy and discontent in the despised ones. They learn to hate those who get their money at their expense and the expense of wife and children. It is claimed * that in Massachusetts and in Illinois not one half of the average workingmen earn enough to support an average workingman's family, that is, the wife and children are obliged to earn part of their support. Children are as a consequence kept out of school and receive only a very limited education, and in many cases very little Christian training. The luxurious living of the rich at the sacrifice of the poor man's bread and butter, or in the words of Josiah Strong, "the despotism of the few and the wretchedness of the many," is creating a vast hot-bed of discontent in which the seed of socialism and anarchy may be sown and in an evil hour may spring up as by magic and fill the air with the smell of gunpowder, and the shops and manufactories with the noise of bombs and dynamite. The public conscience has

* *Our Country*, p. 147.

been morally diseased and corrupted by greed, pride, and envy, to such a degree that a forced suppression and sham political dickering may never fully suppress. The fight is on and it looks very much as if the contending forces will be capital and labor, monopoly and individual enterprise,—the very thing that ought not to be in a republic. One extreme brings on another—the corporations cry “protection,” police, and they get it; anarchists cry “Away with private property,” “Away with authority,” “Away with the state,” “Away with religion,” and they proceed to take it.

Where the rich know how to “live and let live” there is little difficulty. The corporation that pays out good wages never witnesses a strike. Statistics bear out the fact that working men are not hard to satisfy so long as they receive sufficient wages to furnish their own with food and shelter. Nehemiah redeemed Israel from the curse of Solomon’s pleasures and luxuries reveled in “under the sun” by applying to himself the strictest disciplines of economy.

The rule of economy could be applied to very good advantage by

THE POOR AS WELL.

In our town the poorer class who have scarcely enough to eat, and not enough clothes on their backs in winter to keep them warm, were the first to leave the harvest field to attend a Fourth of July celebration. They were out a day’s wages—one and one-half dollars, spent one dollar for candies, soda, peanuts, and a side show, making

in all out of pocket two and one-half dollars. By similar figuring it was discovered that some families were out five dollars, and nothing to show for the amount spent. Washington Gladden says along this line, "The habit that some working people have of running to all the shows that come to town is a very bad habit. It costs a good deal, for one thing. The money that is spent in this way by some families would, if saved and invested, provide them with homes in a few years. I know of one family that actually stripped off the clothing that made them comfortable, and sold it, to get money to attend a circus. By far the largest part of the money that is carried out of this city every year by traveling exhibitions (and that is no small sum), comes from the pockets of the working people."* The mind is saturated with the effect of performances—negro minstrelsy and clownishness, and warped for weeks and months, and often for a life time. The money and time spent foolishly might have been wisely invested in chattels, real estate, or benevolence; and the mind and character saved from temptations, and the life from untold misery, and often shame and gross sins.

There is much show and display in dress on the part of such as cannot afford it. Cheap and flashy goods that does not keep color nor wear is "costly apparel." Plain, substantial goods is always possible and indicates taste and modesty on the part of the wearer. All shams are a fraud.

* *Working People*, p. 135.

“Fire sales,” “special bargains,” and “discounted goods,” advertised so freely during certain seasons of the year, do not offer advantages claimed for them. Never expect to catch a swindler in his own game. He knows where the traps are and is sure to keep out of them himself. It is his business to run near them and see you fall in. Patronize the one who stays with the community and is interested in building it up.

Things find their way on

THE POOR MAN'S TABLE,

that are both expensive and innutritious. I have seen tables set in the tenement districts of Chicago with nothing on them for dinner except *rye bread* and *lager beer*—ten cents for a meal and one half of that not food.

A minister of Pennsylvania with a family of six children pays out each year one hundred and twenty dollars for pork—doctor bills not included. I shall say nothing of the pies, cakes, and extras. Economy at the table brings health to the body. One bushel of corn is worth from thirty-five to forty-five cents, grinding five cents; all for fifty cents, and it contains more wholesome food than five dollars worth of pork. The toll on grinding one bushel of wheat is five cents, the flour sifted can be used for graham bread (which is cheaper and much more nutritious than white bread), or made into mush which makes a delightful breakfast food or lunch. Fruit is worth from fifty cents to one dollar per bushel. Potatoes and vegetables usually sell for fifty cents a bushel. Milk and

eggs can be bought at reasonable figures. Any poor man in the village or town may avail himself of food at the prices quoted; that means millions may have all the food they need for a very small sum. A similar bill-of-fare could be tabulated for the city populace. It should be the ambition of every poor man to "owe no man anything." Says Dr. Gladden, "It is sometimes necessary to incur debts, when this has been done the first business is to pay them; you do not rise in the world by getting finery and furniture wherewith to make a brave show, while unpaid bills are hanging like millstones around your neck. . . . If you are in discomfort or absolute wretchedness, your endeavor ought to be to rise out of it into a condition of comfort. . . . Some measure of decency and seemliness is possible to all in this land. It is not necessary for human beings to live like dogs in a kennel, neither is it necessary for them to live like princes in a palace! Between these two extremes there is a golden mean."*

Again I say, live within your means; be honest, economical, and industrious. No one should be satisfied with simply existing if he may acquire more. A young man in one of our villages was asked to do some work for a farmer, late in the fall. "No, I believe not; I have \$25.00 to go on this winter; this will buy my coal and what groceries I need. I believe in taking life easy when one can afford it." Take life easy! God never intended that man shall be content with doing nothing half of his time. "Not slothful in business" is

* *Working People.*

a command. It is more honorable and blessed to wear out than to rust out. Any one who abuses time abuses self. He is a drone in a community.

One thing is certain, the poor may be, and usually are, contented. While money may purchase many things, there are, nevertheless, a few things out of its reach. Happiness, contentment, love, joy, peace, character, the Holy Spirit, and

ETERNAL LIFE CANNOT BE BOUGHT.

Prof. Herron truly says, "The poorest man who works for his bread may wear the crown of a divine kingship. There are men who will be kings if you put them in pig-pens, and men who will be pigs if you put them in palaces and adorn them with all the artificialities of a material civilization and the refined ignorances of modern culture."* The peasants of Switzerland are among the happiest—*lustig*—people on earth. They dig and work; scratch among the hills, reap the valleys, graze the mountains; like the busy bee, ever at it, never wearied, jovial, warbling, yodling, until the mountains echo and re-echo the mirthfulness of the happy boys and girls, and the beautiful chiming bells of the dairy man's herd. Love adds her fascinating charm, inspired by song and nature and the rosy maiden's blush. Health and happiness make up for want of money and plenty, and life is worth the living. The negroes of the South afford another example of how to be happy though poor. Their emotions, affections, and open-heartedness go far to counteract

* *Christian Society*, p. 83.

suppression and poverty. The rich have envied their happiness on hearing them sing their plantation songs "with the spirit and the understanding also." The human heart is wonderfully made. The finer sensibilities and deepest emotions of the soul can be drawn only when the key of adversity has found its way into the hidden depths and tenderly unlocked the secret chamber and let out the penned up spirit.

It is said that when Mr. Goldsmith for the first time heard Jennie Lind sing, on being asked by a friend, "And what do you think of Miss Lind's singing," he replied, "She does pretty well, but if I could marry that girl and break her heart, then she could sing." He did marry her, and broke her heart, and after that her words had a meaning, so tender, so appealing, that hearts melted to tears wherever she sang.

Man works best under a pressure—poverty supplies a pressure. The blessings of home life may be as great, as tender, and as dear to inmates of a cottage as they ever were to the inmates of a mansion. "It is a misfortune to be born a rich man's son," says Mr. Conwell; and a Samuel Smiles continues the argument by asserting, "It is not good for human nature to have the road of life made too easy. Better be under the necessity of working hard, faring meanly, than to have everything done ready to our hand, and a pillow of down to repose upon. Indeed to start life with comparatively small means seems so necessary as a stimulus to work, that it may almost be set down as the secret of success." Oh! struggling

soul, wish not for yourself an easier lot; yours is the kind that develops the material of which success is made. Only keep on battling for truth and right. "Godliness with contentment is great gain. For we brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out. And having food and raiment, let us be therewith content. But they that will be rich fall into temptations and a snare, and into many foolish and hurtful lusts, which drown men in destruction and perdition. For the love of money is the root of all evil: which while some coveted after, they have erred from the faith, and pierced themselves through with many sorrows."*

"What doth the poor man's son inherit?
 Stout muscles and a sinewy heart,
 A hardy frame, a hardier spirit;
 King of two hands, he does his part
 In every useful toil and art;
 A heritage, it seems to me,
 A king might wish to hold in fee.

"What doth the poor man's son inherit?
 A patience learned of being poor,
 Courage, if sorrow come, to bear it,
 A fellow feeling that is sure
 To make the outcast bless his door;
 A heritage, it seems to me,
 A king might wish to hold in fee.

"O poor man's son! scorn not thy state;
 There is worse weariness than thine,
 In merely being rich and great;
 Toil only gives the soul to shine,
 And makes rest fragrant and benign;
 A heritage, it seems to me,
 Worth being poor to hold in fee."

—*Extract from poem, "The Heritage," by Lowell*

* 1 Tim. 6:6-10.



He that trusteth in his riches shall fall.—*Solomon.*

The greatest estates of Rome, in the time of the Cæsars, and of France in the time of the Bourbons, rivaled those of the United States to-day; but both nations were on their way to the frenzy of a revolution, not in spite of their wealth, but in some true sense, *because of it.*
—*Christian Union*, Oct. 16, 1884.

Superfluity on the one hand, and dire want on the other—the millionaire and the tramp—are the complement each of the other. The classes from which we have most to fear are the two extremes of society—the dangerously rich and the dangerously poor, and the former are much more to be feared than the latter.—*Josiah Strong.*

The danger which threatens the uprooting of society, the demolition of civil institutions, the destruction of liberty, and the desolation of all, is that which comes from the rich and powerful classes in the community.—*Dr. Howard Crosby.*



CHAPTER II.

MONEY—SINS BECAUSE OF IT.

Some men have the faculty of acquiring wealth. Everything they lay their hands on turns into money. I have no fault to find so long as they come to it honestly. It is the duty of every man to work *six days* of the week as well as it is to rest on the seventh. The fourth commandment is only half kept by keeping the part that refers to the Sabbath. In fact it is impossible to "rest" on the seventh if no work has been done in the six. "*I never did a day's work in my life*," said a prisoner of the Connecticut State Penitentiary, as he was changing his suit for a "striped." "The idle brain is the devil's workshop." "The devil tempts all other men, but idle men tempt the devil." "Not slothful in business, fervent in spirit," is God's command. Negatively stated it is "If any will not work, neither let him eat." There is however a tendency on the part of many to accumulate wealth irrespective of the demands of propriety or the laws of honesty. Already some have become dangerously rich while others have become miserably poor. Mr. C. B. Sphar in his book, "The Present Distribution of Wealth," presents some statistics to prove that one per cent of the families of the United States receive about one-fourth of the total income of the

nation's wealth and own about one half of its property. These figures bristle with mischief. We are living in a serious age. Every now and then we hear of men who have come up out of obscurity by accumulating vast fortunes. They buy a seat in the Senate and dictate who shall occupy the president's chair. In America money is power. Well may our enemies accuse us of coveting

“THE ALMIGHTY DOLLAR.”

The greed for it is driving many mad. An acquaintance of mine begged for several that he might clutch them in his hand in a dying hour. A “Lord’s call” may, without hesitation, be recalled by the sound of tinkling silver. Dr. Mears relates, “When the philanthropist John Piermont preached in favor of temperance, the leading dealer in ardent spirits in Boston bought up a majority of the pews in the Hollis Street church and turned away the preacher.”*

Protestants do not believe that the Catholic priest has the power to pray people out of purgatory, but they have long ago learned that ten dollars does much to help their preacher frame smooth sentences at the funeral services and that, in some cases, where parties had taken their own lives, a snug sum had enabled him to appeal to the sympathies of the people, and somehow pass the suicides through the pearly gates.

In 1898 every legislator of New Hampshire was pledged to help pass a law making railroad passes illegal. “The great railroad sent free

* *Oberlin Lectures*, p. 20.

passes to all the members of the Legislature. They kept them, and when the bill for free passes came up the vote was: for it 22, against it 292!"*

In one state of our Republic a man that had stolen a pair of shoes was sentenced for fourteen years in the penitentiary, while in another state an ex-president of a railway company who had stolen six million dollars could not be "found guilty."—The one had no money, the other had—that made all the difference between justice and injustice in the eyes of the exponents of the law. Steal ten dollars and go to the county jail, steal a million and go to Congress! Is it any wonder that Dr. Herron with other men of God speak with authority to men of wealth? Says he, "In an age which mammon rules, when the most selfish motives are made the ground of political appeal, when the mercantile spirit dominates society and the church, when property is protected at the expense of humanity, when the state regards material things as more sacred than human beings, the gospel of the kingdom of God, the gospel of God in the people, the gospel of the divine sonship of man needs to be terribly preached as the judgment of love to the brutal cynicism of the market; to the industrial despotism that would be absolute over the work and life of the people; to the materialism that degrades politics to a mere organization of ignorance and cunning."† There are men in America who have had an income of

* *The Independent*, Vol. 51, p. 870.

† *The Christian Society*, p. 82.

over \$1,000,000 a month, and under present conditions that sum will soon be far out-done.

Two men are said to have already taken out a life insurance policy for \$3,000,000. One of America's greatest preachers has "under mortgage" drawn \$85,000 on his life policy. Two senators of Ohio are said to have bought their seats in Congress. Pennsylvania and New York are noted for corruption in politics. In 1895 and 1896 sixty-five of the sixty-eight Chicago Aldermen could be bought—this was then and is now an open secret. One of the ministers in an evil mood proposed to "decorate the city by hanging the Aldermen on the street lamps," but there were no practical results. Corporations have long ago learned that it "costs less" to draw a "liberal charter" from a small state than a large state. There are less members in the Legislature to be bought. New Jersey is more readily brought to terms than New York.

Taken all in all the trusts of to-day present

A DARK PICTURE.

The individual corporations (trusts) organized in the year 1898 in this country outdo those of England by fifty per cent. *The Independent* asserts that the summit of English activities in this field was reached in 1889 when the incorporation and making of large breweries and other industrial concerns raised the total to \$947,000,000. But in 1898 the movement was seen here in its early stages, for in only two months of 1899 we have surpassed the great total \$916,000,000. The authorized capital of the "industrial" corporations,

commonly called Trusts, organized in January and February, was \$1,106,300,000, and incorporations completed or planned have since added not less than \$300,000,000. The rate of two months if maintained through the year would give a total of \$6,637,800,000, or an authorized capital, for a few scores of corporations, exceeding that of all the 322,000 manufacturing concerns (\$6,139,397,000) of the United States as enumerated in the census of 1890!"* These figures may be dry reading, but they mean a great deal to the thinking mind. They are

“THE HAND-WRITING ON THE WALL”

predicting coming events. Money incorporated in trusts means peopled masses in cities—and *enslaved!* People go where the money is—whether they get it or not. They go to gather the crumbs that fall from the monopolist's table. “It is well known,” continues the writer, “that in a majority of these new companies or consolidations the preferred stock is equal to or exceeds the actual value of the properties, while the common stock stands for ‘good will’ and vague possibilities of profit which may or may not be realized.” If these concerns were to be weighed in the balances of God's justice they would be “found wanting” *three or four times* “their appraised value.” Honest men everywhere ought to rise up as one man against a work so despotic, and preachers of the gospel should lift their voices like a trumpet and declare the whole counsel of God.

* Vol. 51, p. 787.

Although I am not personally an admirer of W. T. Stead, of London, yet he says some things that we do well to consider. Says he, "I have watched the rapid evolution of Social Democracy in England. I have studied Autocracy in Russia, and Theocracy in Rome, and I must say that nowhere, not even in Russia in the first years of the reaction occasioned by the murder of the Czar, have I struck more abject submission to a more soulless despotism than that which prevails among the masses of the so-called free American citizens, when they are face to face with the omnipotent power of corporations. 'Wealth,' said a working man bitterly to me the other day, 'has subjugated everything. It has gagged the press, it has bought up the Legislature, it has corrupted the judges. Even on universities it is laying the golden finger. The churches are in its grasp. Go where you will, up and down this country, you will find our citizens paralyzed by a sense of their own importance. They know the injustice, they know better than any wrongs which they suffer, they mutter curses, but they are too cowed to do anything; they have tried so often and have been beaten so badly they have not the heart to try again!'"*

A sin often over-looked is that of

UNEQUAL TAXATION.

Those who could best afford to pay tax are the very ones who most frequently evade their duty. Men of wealth in our large cities pay on an aver-

* *If Christ Came*, p. 190.

age one tenth as much on the dollar as do the common people. According to the sworn statement of the assessor, Chicago has no millionaires. The value of property if it were correctly assessed is nearly \$2,000,000,000. But the officially assessed value of the whole state of Illinois including Chicago is only \$700,000,000.

The assessed value of the millionaires' horses do not average more than \$25.00 each. The carriages are taken to harmonize. A common farmer pays more tax on the same amount of horses and carriages. The farmer sells his horses for \$100 each and the carriages for less, but the millionaire would be ashamed to drive a horse or ride in a carriage worth less than \$1,000. The total valuation of the millionaire personality, runs all the way from two to twenty thousand dollars. There are many common people who pay tax on that amount who make no pretense at being rich.

In our town there is a deacon who is worth probably \$7,000, in the same town there is a merchant worth possibly \$70,000; but the deacon pays more tax than any other person in that town. Within two miles of my home there is a widow worth probably \$50,000, but according to the county treasurer's report she pays more personal tax than any one else in the county (Allen Co., O.) although there are men in Lima, our county seat, who pose as millionaires.

The "unconstitutional inheritance" tax has much less to do with filling the treasury than the constitutional "mills" on the dollar. If every citizen would be honest, and pay the required

amount on the dollar—all give to “Cæsar the things that are Cæsar’s,” there would be one great cause for contention between rich and poor removed. It is no more than just that the rich should pay proportionately. He has more service from the government than the poor man. The greed for wealth, and dishonest methods of getting it, is an evil that has trapped millions. Why should more fall by the same snares? Says Dr. Mears, “Everywhere these two conflicting forces are at work against each other. It is the struggle between love for self, and what self can get, against love for others and what can be done for their help. In the struggle we are often reminded of the old Roman proverb: ‘Where vice is useful, it is a crime to be virtuous!’ Wall Street leads in the financial world of our great metropolis, and many of its methods are as much gambling as what is cast upon the throwing of dice. The money wasted by the liquor and tobacco traffic in a single year would furnish three million people with homes and employment. More money is spent upon the theaters than upon the churches. This waste of material is far inferior, however, to the moral deterioration.”*

There are

TWO WAYS OF GETTING MONEY,—

by earning and stealing. Some may call to mind an inheritor, others the beggar; but these are harmless. I shall speak of the honorable and dishonorable way of getting money. To earn money

* *Oberlin Lectures*, p. 24.

by the sweat of our brow is a privilege and a duty; but to get it by fraud, whether we knock a man down, chloroform him, get him drunk, or by any other method drive him into a corner and take it by force, *is a sin*. Some would quiet their conscience by speaking of their fraudulent transaction as "speculation." Speculation, what is it? A common form may be best interpreted by an illustration: A lady was making her living by selling fruit on the street corner. A gentleman approached the stand, picked up an orange and inquired the price. "Five cents," said the lady. He held it in his hand, priced bananas, grapes, apples, pears, and then turned to the lady, "These bananas are five cents too?" "Yes." "Then I will give you the orange for the bananas, here." "Yes, but where are the five cents?" asked the lady. "Well, I gave you the orange; that was five cents, that ought to be all right. You get an equivalent, don't you see?" and he walked off. "Yes, but there is a mistake somewhere, I can't explain it, but there is a mistake somewhere," murmured the lady to herself. Modern speculations are carried on in about that kind of fashion. There is a mistake somewhere that amounts to robbery, although the one robbed cannot always make his point clear. The grain and stock not ready for the market for six months has all been sold and resold on the Board of Trade of Chicago and New York. An advance of two cents per pound is made on coffee, and there is not a berry less on the market than there was before the advance;—not because of the scarcity of the article,

but because some one cornered the market and stole millions from the common people. There is hardly an article used in the kitchen, in the shop, or on the farm, that has not passed through the hands of the monopolist and enriched the few at the expense of the many. *“Nearly all the popular modes and means of speculation are modes and means of legal gambling.”**

I shall quote at length from Josiah Strong to more forcibly substantiate my assertions. “The growth of the spirit of speculation is ominous. The salaries of clerks, the business capital, the bank deposits and trust funds of all sorts which disappear ‘on change’ indicate how widespread is the unhealthy haste to be rich; and such have the method of speculation, because that ‘The Exchange’ has degenerated into little better than a euphemism for ‘gambling hell’! While one bushel in seven of the wheat crop of the United States is received by the Produce Exchange of New York, its traders buy and sell two for every one that comes out of the ground. When the cotton plantations of the South yielded less than six million bales, the crop on the New York Cotton Exchange was more than fifty-two millions. Pennsylvania does well to run twenty-four millions of barrels of oil in a year, but New York city will do as much in two small rooms in one week, and Petroleum Exchanges sold altogether last year two thousand million barrels. Such facts indicate how small a portion of the transaction of the ‘Exchange’ is

* *Gold Foil*, p. 167.

legitimate business and how large a proportion is simply gambling.

MAMMONISM IS CORRUPTING

popular morals in many ways. Sunday amusements of every kind—horse racing, base ball, theaters, beer-gardens, steamboat and railroad excursions—are all provided *because there is money in them*. Licentious literature floods the land, poisoning the minds of the youth and polluting their lives, *because there is money in it*. Gambling flourishes in spite of the law, and actually under its license, *because there is money in it*. And that great abomination of desolation, that triumph of Satan, that more than ten Egyptian plagues in one—the liquor traffic—grows and thrives at the expense of every human interest, *because there is money in it*. Ever since greed of gold sold the Christ and raffled for His garments, it has crucified every form of virtue between thieves. And, while Mammonism corrupts morals, it blocks reforms. Men who have favors to ask of the public are slow to follow their convictions into any unpopular reform movement. They can render only a surreptitious service. Their discipleship must needs be secret, for fear of the customers, or clients, or patients. It is Mammonism which makes most men *invertebrates*. When important Mormon legislation was pending, certain New York merchants telegraphed to members of Congress: 'New York sold \$13,000,000 worth of goods to Utah last year, Hands off!' The tribe of Demetrius, the Ephesian silver-smith, is everywhere—men quick to perceive when this their craft by which they have their

wealth is in danger of being set at naught. 'Nothing is more timorous than a million dollars—except two millions.' ”*

They that will be rich fall into temptations and a snare, and into many foolish and hurtful lusts."

A GAY YOUNG COUPLE

were seen laughing, frolicking, and sporting up and down the beach at Norfolk. A well-bred gentleman, astonished at their conduct, remarked to an elderly man near by, "Tell me, why is it that there is so much mischief committed at these 'watering places' and 'summer resorts'?" "Well," said the old gentleman with an air of disgust, "these rich lads do nothing, and when they come here they must need work off their *surplus energy*."

The old gentleman struck the key-note. Idle men are the devil's play-fellows, and none are more so than the chaps who, when they get into mischief, have the money to *cover up* their meanness and pass off refined moral lepers.

One of the greatest evils that money makes possible is the respectability of vice under the cloak of culture and modesty falsely so-called. What is the real difference between a "St. Louis Carnival," "Washington Inaugural Ball," "New York \$100,000 Banquet," or a country "Platform Dance," Dime Museum, and a negro "Plantation Jubilee"? Outward show, not inward virtue! Emotions are aroused, passions fanned, and the affections excited. In each case the carnal not the spiritual in man is fed. These two extremes born

* *Our Country*, p. 168.

of the same passion lead to the same pit. The true and noble and Christian of our land—the backbone of our nation is made of better timber. They run and are not weary, they walk and faint not.

Of what practical use is money? It may be used to purchase food, clothes, and home. When that is said it is about all said, so far as our physical needs are concerned, and there are many who never get beyond that. Art, science, and religion may be advanced by it, and humanity dead in trespasses and sin brought to life again, i. e., money may make such a thing possible. It may be applied in a way to make for us friends in heaven.

MONEY IS OPPORTUNITY,

and opportunity brings responsibility. We may not spend our money as we please. It is a sin to light a cigar with a five-dollar bill; and shall I add, it is a sin to exchange a five-dollar bill for tobacco or some other weed, simply to burn that up because it is the fashion. I shall! No one has a moral right to esteem sweat, muscle, bone, and blood so lightly.

Spending money for Hamburg grapes at the rate of \$10 a pound, Florida strawberries at 30 cents each, a dessert, \$125.00, clothing and house fixtures at the same exorbitant prices, and that in a city where hundreds are starving, and four thousands dying each year and “thrown into the potter’s field too poor to live or die decently,” is practicing the rich man and Lazarus in this world—I say nothing of the next.

“There is that scattereth, and yet increaseth; and there is that withholdeth more than is meet, but it tendeth to poverty. The liberal soul shall be made fat.”

“Great wealth is a misfortune,” says Horace Mann, “because it makes generosity impossible. There can be no generosity where there is no sacrifice; and a man who is worth a million of dollars, though he give half of it away, no more makes a sacrifice than (if I may make such a supposition) a dropsical man, whose skin holds a hogshead of water, makes a sacrifice when he is tapped for a barrel. He is in a healthier condition after the operation than before it.”*

Horses, and cattle, and coal, and petroleum, and mines, and land, and railroads, and gold and silver, and bonds and notes and mortgages are miserable comforters in a dying hour.

“The rich man’s son inherits lands,
And piles of brick, and stone, and gold;
And he inherits soft, white hands,
And tender flesh that fears the cold,
Nor does he wear a garment old;
A heritage, it seems to me,
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

“The rich man’s son inherits cares;
The bank may break, the factory burn,
A breath may burst his bubble shares,
And soft, white hands could hardly earn
A living that could serve his turn;
A heritage, it seems to me,
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

* *Thoughts for the Young*, p. 53.

“The rich man’s son inherits wants,
His stomach craves for dainty fare;
With sated heart he hears the pants
Of toiling hinds with brown arms bare,
And wearies in his easy chair;
A heritage, it seems to me,
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

“O rich man’s son! there is a toil
That with all others level stands;
Large charity doth never soil,
But only whiten, soft white hands,—
This is the best crop from thy lands;
A heritage, it seems to me,
Worth being rich to hold in fee.

“Both, heirs to some six feet of sod,
Are equal in the earth at last;
Both, children of the same dear God,
Prove title to your heirship vast
By record of a well-filled past;
A heritage, it seems to me,
Well worth a life to hold in fee.”

—*Extract from “The Heritage” by Lowell.*





Cast thy bread upon the waters: for thou shalt find it after many days. Give a portion to seven, and also to eight; for thou knowest not what evil shall be upon the earth.—*Solomon.*

A man of business has no more right to make personal profit the supreme purpose of his store, his shop, his capital, his factory, his railway, than Jesus had to work miracles for personal profit. We have no more moral right than our Lord to direct our social, domestic, or financial affairs for personal ends. The Christian has no more right to an unconsecrated horse, or house, or dress, than Christ to an unconsecrated cross.—*Geo. D. Herron.*



CHAPTER III.

MONEY—A SAFE INVESTMENT.

"There is no greater mistake," said a millionaire recently, "than that money can make a man happy: mine never did until I began to serve God and do good with it." "Give and it shall be given unto you; good measure, pressed down and shaken together, and running over, shall men give unto your bosom. For with the same measure that ye mete withal it shall be measured to you again." *Give so that you feel it.* "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might," cheerfully, liberally, not selfishly expecting more in turn than you give. Wesley's rule was, "Give all you can."

The only money that brings us an income when we get to heaven, is what we invest in humanity. You need not be rich to begin investments in humanity. (The widow's mite was very acceptable. Mark Anthony said, "I have lost all except what I have given away.") They are perfectly safe; thieves cannot get at them. They are rust and moth and fire proof. Girard was "wrapped up in a labyrinth of affairs and worn out with care, often passing the night without sleep" and lived like a "galley slave."

Compare Girard's life with such an one as George W. Childs', proprietor of the *Public Ledger*,

and witness the contrast. Of the latter it was said, "Nobody in the United States has so many cordial friends; nobody in the world has befriended so many." "Give and it *shall* be given." "God so loved....that *He* gave," and by it wooed humanity. This same Mr. Childs refused the mayoralty of Philadelphia, the governorship of Pennsylvania, and the presidency of the United States. In 1888 the leaders of both parties urged him to accept the presidency, offering to contribute freely to the campaign fund, and arguing, "Your name will break down the solid South;" but he answered, "Its use in that convention will break the heart of my wife." He gave liberally and in speaking of how to cultivate the grace of charity said, "I believe that children should be educated to give away with judgment their little all; to share their possessions with friends. If they are trained in this spirit, it will always be easy for them to be generous; if they are not, it will be more natural for them in the course of time to be mean, and meanness can grow upon a man until it saps his soul."*

If there were more giving as a man made his money, there would be less quarreling and sinning after his death. Many are tempted to hoard up that they may have more to give. The man with a thousand promises the Lord he will share when he has two thousand; the one with ten thousand when he has twenty thousand, and the one with five hundred thousand when he has a million,—always promising, never doing, seems to be the

* *Oracles of the Age*, p. 523.

rule. "Nothing is harder than to prosper and to give away of your property at the same time."

The facts are, man gives more proportionately in adversity than in prosperity; more comes out of the cottages than out of the "ceiled houses."

OF WHAT USE IS MONEY

aside from supplying life's necessities; is it not to make others happy? One meal is all a man can eat at a time, one suit is all he can wear at a time, one house is all he can occupy at a time. He may delight in changes, but often that is an inconvenience—and of no practical advantage. Mr. Wm. M. Thayer made this point clear by an illustration: "Two men were conversing about the vast estate of John Jacob Astor, some years ago. One asked the other if he would be willing to take care of the millionaire's property—fifteen or twenty millions of dollars—merely for his board and clothing. 'No,' was the indignant reply. 'Do you take me to be a fool?' 'Well,' rejoined the other, 'that is all Mr. Astor himself gets for taking care of it; he's found and that is all. The houses, the warehouses, the ships, the farms, which he counts by the hundred and is often obliged to take care of, are for the accommodations of others!' 'But then he has the income, the rents of the large property—five or six hundred thousand dollars per annum,' responded the other. 'True; but he can do nothing with that income except to build more houses, ware-houses, and ships, or loan money on mortgages for the conveniences of others. He's found, and you can make nothing else

out of it,' was the triumphant answer of the first speaker."

"More and more, still there is more to follow," is the thought that drives the miser mad. A covetous greed for notes, bonds, mines, stock, and land causes the lips to grow pinched, the eyes to stare, the skin to become wrinkled, and the soul niggardly, and fit for nothing in this world but to fasten his clutches on paper, coal, hogs, and dirt; and fit for nothing in the next world, but to lift his eyes in Hades and beg a drop of cold water of a beggar. Atkins advises, "Make your pile of money if you will—work on with earnestness, industry, and persistence, and may large success attend all your endeavors. But bear with this brotherly warning: hold the riches lightly, let them flow out freely in wise benevolence, use them liberally for the highest ends, and you will have done well. But hug your wealth, set your heart on it, let the miserly and covetous spirit paralyze your very soul, and life will become a hideous nightmare, a foul sepulcher, a long spell of hopeless servitude."

The first years Charles G. Finney spent in building Oberlin College, like in all schools in their infancy,

MANY OPPORTUNITIES FOR HELP

presented themselves. Often students were scarce in tuition fees, and board money. They could not finish the school year, but had to leave books and go in search of work. Mr. Finney had a warm heart, and the knack of discovering stu-

dents who were in trouble. He made it his business to go to them and in a fatherly manner counsel with them, often help them to their tuition, and bridge them over crises. Later in life a note like this would be a common thing:

Dear Mr. Finney:—

Accept the draft of \$1,000 enclosed. You are welcome to it. Use it as the Lord may direct.

Fraternally,
S—— J——.

He used to remark that the Lord helped him to a fish that had money in his mouth. One party gave him at one time \$10,000 with the explanation, "God only knows what might have become of me had I not met with you and become converted. The way it is you helped me to accept my Lord and He helped me to success, I share with you again." Mr. Finney was led to forsake the legal profession and invest in humanity in his young days, and the Lord gave him in latter years "manifold more in this life."

A coach of street arabs were shipped from New York city to the West a number of years ago and handed out at the stations to whoever wished to have one. When the coach arrived at Terre Haute, Ind., Judge Green came forward and demanded the "ugliest and toughest boy in the gang." The superintendent of the car walked back and brought out "Bob."

Mr. Green got almost more than he thought he had bargained for, but he took him home, educated him and trained him and instructed him in the way of life. He grew up to be a man, went to

Alaska as a missionary and some years later was appointed to govern that vast territory. Judge Green has been more widely remembered for this one investment than for all others put together.

“Cast thy bread upon the waters: for thou shalt find it after many days.”

I was speaking with a friend on the blessings of giving on one occasion and touched a heart-spring. He related to me the following experience: “We are three brothers in the family. Neither of the others makes a profession of religion. They spend all their time in trying to accumulate wealth and are not scrupulous in trying to drive sharp bargains. I have never known them to give anything for a good cause. Soon after I gave my heart to God I formed the habit to loan the Lord whatever I thought was my duty, and when I could see it properly applied. I am not saying this boastingly but simply relating a fact. To-day I am worth more than twice as much as both of them. Every time I give to some good purpose, I am blessed by rich returns in harvest and investments.

No one possesses all the good qualities, and no one all the bad. Hitch your money to some one who is able to rescue men and both shall share equally before the judgment of the Great White Throne. The kind widow and poor Martin Luther did the world a great service.

Some of the world's bright lights came out of the poorest homes. Jeremy Taylor was born the son of a poor barber. Kitto, the Biblical scholar, had a bricklayer for a father. George Fox's fa-

ther made shoes for a living, but the boy's feet "were shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace." Haydn the great composer had the honor of being a carpenter's son. John Bunyan was born in poverty and Claudius Buchanan, whose "Star in the East" led Judson to Burmah, was a poor boy, picked up by John Newton, and recommended to a rich man as "worthy of an education."

DUTY BOUND TO DO GOOD.

As well might the man with talents and ability to teach say, "I will keep all knowledge I can get to myself and enjoy it immensely, for fear I shall not have enough left myself," as the man with business enterprise, "I will scheme and tear down, and build larger and hoard up, that I may accommodate my own personal benefit." The man who has the talent and tact to make money will not starve though he gives liberally. If he has made one thousand, he can, all things being equal, make another.

No man has a moral right to live a retired life, in good health. Man is placed in this world to do good, not to rest in retirement. *Six days shalt thou work* is equally binding on rich and poor. We are not to be shelled while the sin-cursed world all about us is fainting, weeping, and perishing for want of laborers. It is honorable to die a martyr—a *boarder* never!

Oliver Cromwell, on one occasion, while visiting the great churches of England, discovered a number of "silver statues in the niches of a side chapel and demanded sternly of the trembling

dean, 'What are these?' 'Please your Highness', was the reply, 'they are the twelve Apostles'. 'The twelve apostles are they? Well, take them down and coin them into money, that, like their Master, they may go about doing good!'"

What a mighty reformation there would be in Christendom were all the "inconsistencies" of our modern churches and the possessions of all Christians remodeled after the pattern of the Apostles, and changed into the true spirit of the disciples who sold their possessions, had all things in common, and when they were scattered went every where preaching the word. If all the fixtures, pictures, and furniture in the homes of Christians, ornaments of their person, and surplus of their possessions were converted into money, that, like the possessions of the Apostles, might be used to evangelize the world, who could count the billions that would pour into the Lord's treasury, and the teeming millions of dying souls that could be brought to the Master for healing?

GIVE MONEY HONESTLY MADE.

But the world will never be brought to Christ *enmasse*. Great donations, and large gifts, dishonestly gotten, are not as fruitful in results as lesser gifts begotten in travail and pain accompanied by a sanctified prayer. On this wise Christ has been brought to the world and many believe on Him. Better give little made honestly than much made dishonestly. A *benevolence* used to hide meanness and suppress a guilty conscience is a fraud and a sham. The Lord is not so dead broke that He

justifies one man to rob his fellow-being on condition that He share the plunder. "How canst thou love God whom thou hast not seen and not love man whom thou seest?" The world is dying for want of compassion and practical benevolence. The poor are helped more by being taught how to earn their bread than by giving it to them. Teachers may be of more service to a community than their weight in gold. Resolutions of sympathy passed at great Christian gatherings may sound pleasant to the ear, but the helping hand will be longest remembered. The lad with the "five barley loaves and two fishes" with the Lord's blessing upon them could feed five thousand. The poor are here always—"Give ye them to eat."

"Alas, for the rarity
Of Christian charity,
Under the sun!"

Two merchants of New York were walking up Broadway earnestly discussing business matters, when one looking up noticed a man wearing a very sad countenance; said he to the other, "Excuse me, but did you see that sad expression on that man's face?" "No, come on." "Yes, but that man is in great trouble, I am minded to go after him," was the second remark. "What is the matter with you?" inquired the other; "you are always troubling yourself about other people's cares. There are many fellows like him in New York." "Well, there is something unusual in this case," was the answer, "I mean to find out his cares," and turning about followed hard after him down Broadway to the left on Grand Street to-

ward the river. When the man with the sad countenance came to the bank of the stream, he looked into the muddy water—walked up and down and back, deaf to the noise of the city, and unconscious of the thousands passing hither and thither on the street. In an awful soul-struggle he moved forward and was about to plunge himself head-long into the black waters. Just then the good-hearted merchant stepped up, laid his hand on the man's shoulder and inquired, "What is the matter, can I do anything for you?" It was too much; he could bear up no longer, and amid sobs and tears answered, "My wife is sick; my children are crying for bread, I have no money, don't know of any one to help me, can't find any work, and rents are due; everything is so dark, I don't want to live any more, and see all my own starve. I came here to put an end to myself." "No, no," said the one at his side, "do not do that; come with me, I will find work for you; your family shall be cared for." "He which converteth a sinner from the error of his way shall save a soul from death and shall cover a multitude of sins."

The pond by the wayside stingy with the water it contains says, "I have none to spare," and keeps all to itself. The winds blow over it to tease and rob. The cattle wade through, and stir up filth. The birds refuse to come near, man wonders why it ever had to be, but the toad and tortoise and snake find the place congenial to their taste and make it their abode. The warm sunbeams of mid-summer like a consuming fire lick up the last drop and it is *gone*. But not so with the spring out on

the mountain side. It sends forth a stream of clear, pure water, year in year out, which winds its way down the steep, around the hills, under the shade where cattle love to stay and drink; birds quench their thirst and skip about the branches overhanging it, children play along its banks, denizens of the village near by draw of the waters freely and supply their needs; but the stream rushes on, getting larger and larger and deeper, giving all the while to all it may chance to serve, until great vessels ride gently upon its bosom, and it finds its way to the great international highway where it helps to carry the merchandise of the world, and serves as the great reservoir to water the earth—a blessing to nature, to beast, to man, and to God.

“He liveth long who liveth well!
All other life is short and vain;
He liveth longest who can tell
Of living most for heavenly gain.

“He liveth long who liveth well!
All else is being flung away;
He liveth longest who can tell
Of true things truly done each day.”





Except the Lord keep the city, the watchman waketh but in vain.—*Solomon.*

As the greatest wickedness in the world is to be found not among the cannibals of some far-off coast, but in Christian lands where the light of truth is diffused and rejected, so the utmost depth of wretchedness exists not among savages who have few wants, but in great cities, where, in the presence of plenty and of every luxury, men starve.—*Josiah Strong.*



CHAPTER IV.

THE CITY VS. THE COUNTRY.

Ever since "Lot pitched his tent toward Sodom" there has been a tendency for country people who wish to make an easier living and enjoy more pleasure to move to the city. All over the world in every nation the tide of immigration is cityward. One half of the people till the soil, that they and the other half may have something to eat and wear. An Indian boy, who was asked what his mother did, replied, "She plants corn and makes moccasins." "What does father do?" inquired the stranger. "He sits in the shade, smokes his pipe, and goes hunting." "And," continued the inquisitor, "What do you do?" "Help father." The Indian may take to the hunting ground, but the squaw feels more keenly her relation to the soil.

Somebody must till the ground or the world cannot live. Vocations always afford the surest return on the first investment. The farmer holds the mortgage on earth's bounties. He is not to be despised.

The world is overstocked with people who are "born tired" and love to sit on the bench and plan for a living. Men who are not ashamed nor afraid of honest toil are always in demand. But some will look on the dark side of life, pity them-

selves, and get discouraged. "Let us move to town and take life easy," suggests the farmer coming in from a hard day's work, and little to show for it. "The city people take life easy and we farmers work and sweat and fret and then get nothing for it. They sit in the shade, buy, sell, speculate, and make more money in a week than we do in a year, besides find time to attend all conventions, meetings, theaters, and eat the good things both North and South produce."

Is the complaint overdrawn? Let us see! Even Virgil sang, one hundred years before Christ was born, to an overcrowded Rome: "The plow is no longer honored; the husbandmen have been led away, and the fields are foul with weeds."

There may be an excuse for some to leave the country on account of improvements and inventions in agricultural machinery. One man now can do the work of four men forty years ago. The machinery is manufactured in cities and men thrown out of employment in the country seek it there. Foot wear and clothing are also made largely by machinery and in large factories, under the control of monopolies which undermine local trade and home-made goods. Mammoth packing houses and "canned beef" have seriously crippled the local butcher and in some places driven him out of business under the lash of competition.

The steamship, the railway, and the electric car, connecting country, town, and city at home and bringing Europe within two weeks travel and the far-off Orient within six weeks, are making the world one vast country. Grain and stock can be

raised and shipped from the Western Prairies to New England and Europe and placed on the market for less money than the same can be raised there. "Nature abhors a vacuum."

"WATER SEEKS ITS LEVEL"

and man crowds around the source of supply. New England farms are abandoned by the hundred—the owners either moving to the city, or into the South or West. They want to live and as much as possible "keep up with the times."

Europeans emigrate to the New World, where they expect to grab their share. Many of them, probably three out of four, locate in our cities. Two thirds of our city population is composed of foreigners, and the poorer and often viler class. Every American city is a little world in itself. It has its German quarter, Irish town, Jewish settlement, China town and so on including, often, inhabitants from every quarter of the globe. In Chicago south of 16th Street and west of Halstead Street there is a settlement of 60,000 Bohemians; who have things their own way. The signs and names and "ads" on stores and windows and posts are Bohemian. The people talk Bohemian in the homes, on the streets, everywhere. They preach Bohemian, and teach Bohemian in their schools. They dress Bohemian, sing Bohemian, dance Bohemian and drink Bohemian. If a stranger were taken into that part of the city and were left to judge by his surroundings only, he would guess that he were in Bohemia while he would be simply in the Bohemia of our Western Metropolis.

North of 16th Street and west of Chicago River to Halstead Street and beyond there is a settlement of 12,000 third-class Jews. One lone Jewish Synagogue with a seating capacity of about 400 registers the spiritual condition of those people. One deserted Protestant church in the precinct stands as a warning to all of like faith to leave hands off. A mission every now and then opens the fire of God's word and keeps open possibly six months or a year, when the hisses at the name of Jesus, the pelting of stones, mud, and brickbats, against door and wooden windows, cause the persecuted disciples to move to more congenial quarters. The smell in this part of the city is so disagreeable, that a stranger, passing through, unconsciously places his hand up to his nose, or breathes through his mouth to find relief. The stores, shops, and tenements reek in filth. The rag, iron, bone, and old rubber peddlers dump their goods in warehouses here. Dirty faced men, bare-headed women, and half dressed children are all the style. The only agreeable thing on the market is live poultry, and were it not that Jewish custom required the Priest to kill all animals and inspect the meat before using it, that too would have a strong after flavor to correspond with other foods. Still north of this comes the Italian settlement which is no improvement on the latter. It is not necessary for the missionary to cross the waters in order to preach to Chinamen, Italians, Japanese, and other heathen. There are millions of them in America, entire cities within an American metropolis, and they are more destructive, if

let alone, to our own free Republic than any heathen abroad. I believe if Christ were to command Americans to "go preach" He would add, "beginning at your large centers of population." In fact, to begin at home has always been the divine plan.

"For unmixed wickedness and utter moral depravity no city of Asia can equal Chicago and New York; and this continent has a class of villains lower and meaner than the lowest and meanest of India and China."—Rev. Dr. Henry M. Schudder, for years a Christian Missionary to India. Joseph Cook brings out another phase of American wickedness by stating that out of every 10,000 deaths of England seven are murders. Out of every 10,000 in the United States twenty-one are murders. The proportion of murders to deaths is not exceeded anywhere on earth except in Italy and Spain." If that be true we had better begin to "sweep before our own door"—teach our people "humanitarian" lessons.

A MODERN SLUM SCENE

is enough to make the head swim and sicken the heart: Within a five minutes walk of the Chicago Post Office there are tenements that rot in filth. Occasionally a reporter passes through some of them to find matter to fill the sensational columns of his paper, otherwise they are left severely alone. One good thing is that the reporter for once tells the truth,—*"language fails to over draw."* Said one of them who had for *"his guide"* a lad of South Clark St., to show him through their place,

"After passing through a saloon filled with bums, he darted into the sub cellar and passed down the rickety stairs without minding the broken boards. The way ran through a foul-smelling place back a seemingly interminable distance. The boy went on like a cat in the dark. Then he pushed open a door and passed up a ladder to the floor above; finally he stepped before a door that was partly open and asked us to step inside.

"In three corners of the room were piles of bedding, then there was a table on which were a half dozen broken and unwashed dishes, a stove came next which evidently answered for cooking as well as heating purposes. In the fourth corner stood two wash-tubs. One window two feet square opened on the alley. From it a view of the outbuildings and the accumulated filth of ages in the rear could be had. On the window sill inside were three flowering geraniums growing in old tin cans. There was not even a sign of a carpet on the floor, over-head half of the plastering was gone, under foot the floor was broken into yawning cracks, which were ready receptacles for dust and dirt. Against one wall was a pile of coal cinders and odds and ends of wood. Stacked up against the wall was a pile of bagging.

'Where do you sleep, Johnnie?'

'I sleep where you is standing, on some of them bags. The two youngins roll in wid me!'

'Where are they?'

'Dey an't no good, nothing but babes, the old lady leaves them at the nursery all day.'

'How do the rest of you turn in?'

'De old man takes two un us over there and de old lady takes three in de other corner.'

'Who sleeps there?' pointing to the other pile of rags.

'De Ronkes, dere's four of em.'

'That makes fourteen people in here, don't you find it crowded?'

'Naw, de kids don't take up much room, you ought to see the dagos up stairs; 'bout twenty of 'em in each room.'"

And so the old, old story is told over and over again. Some of these people huddle together like pigs. There are more of them to the square rod in the slum districts than in a cemetery. The latter are quiet and keep their places. The former move about and commit sin. "Without regard to races, sexes, age, or religion the people live together like swine in pens. In the same room the head of one family may be stilled in death while in another corner from a pile of rags comes the first cry of an infant."

Rats and mice, and vermin, and filth, and hunger combine their destructive qualities to torment helpless babes to death! What a great relief is the messenger of death!

"Talk about Dante's Hell," says General Booth, "and all the horrors and cruelties of the torture-chamber of the lost! The man who walks with open eyes and with bleeding heart through the shambles of our civilization needs no such fantastic images of the poet to teach him horror. Often and often when I have seen the young and the poor and the helpless go down before my eyes into the morass,

trampled under foot by beasts of prey in human shape that haunt these regions, it seemed as if God were no longer in His world, but that in His stead reigned a fiend, merciless as hell, ruthless as the grave.”*

Everything seems to be against the slum dwellers. A room ten feet square rents for the exorbitant price of from \$6 to \$10 per month. A head of a family may rent of the owner and in turn lets and sublets to other families and roomers. That way twenty persons are often packed into one room. Here they eat and sleep and call it home. Some of the inmates gather (steal) coal for a living. They pick it up along the wharfs, railroads, and streets. Occasionally some little fellow crawls on a car or drayman's coal wagon, rolls off several good sized chunks while half a dozen “chaps” (like foot-ball players) grab and run. They sell it for twenty and thirty cents a bushel.

I have seen men search garbage boxes for food, or with a stick fish bread crusts and meats out of a swill-barrel! I am not reciting exceptions, only too many are wrestling with the grip of death that hunger occasions. Two thirds of the inhabitants of New York live in tenements or “flats.” Some are fairly well furnished with water works and sanitary improvements.

A respectable tenement is a four or five story building so arranged as to divide each “flat” (story) into two sets of dwellings. The one facing the street is called a front flat, the other a rear flat. There may be four or five rooms in the front flat

* *In Darkest England.*

and three or four in the rear. Front flats usually rent for from \$15.00 to \$25.00, rear flats for from \$8.00 to \$12.00. The basement is also finished and occupied by the poorer class. It seems the filthier the place, and the lower the grade of inmates, the higher the rent. "Landlords" having property in the slum districts realize fifty, a hundred, and sometimes two hundred per cent more from their investments than such as have property to rent on the avenues and boulevards. Some precincts are composed entirely of tenements. There are streets made up of tenements for four and five miles.

Wages are often held up as

AN INDUCEMENT

to country people. They seem great in the eyes of the innocent. Four and five dollars a week for a girl in their estimation is not to be compared with one and a half and two dollars. Think twice before you speak; look before you leap, there is a pit near. These are starvation wages for a girl in a large city. A girl who has no friends, but is obliged to pay room rent, board, clothes, laundry, and incidentals, and wishes to move in respectable society, cannot do it on an income of five dollars. She may shift for a short time, but to keep it up for a life-time, and lay up for a rainy day, is not possible. Figure for yourself, board \$3.00 a week, room rent \$2.00, where is the balance to come from? There are many counter girls, clerks, book-keepers, and stenographers who get no more; while there are others who work for the miserable pittance of \$2.50 and \$3.50 per week. In the factories starvation wages are only too often paid.

Annie Besant has truthfully said, "Our great employers build homes for the fallen women, while they are manufacturing them in their factories." What a sham benevolence! I am obliged to introduce

A DARK PICTURE.

I would rather not, but I cannot help it if I wish to be true to poor girls in the city. When I see an exceeding great number of men and women who have fallen, many to rise no more—never—and I know the pit whereby they fell, I would be a mean coward if I did not expose it. Said one who knew, "A young penniless girl if she be pretty is often hunted from pillar to post by her employers, confronted always by the alternative, starve or sin. And when once the poor girl has consented to buy the right to earn her living by the sacrifice of her virtue, then she is treated as a slave and an outcast by the very men who have ruined her. Her word becomes unreliable, her life an ignominy, and she is swept downward, ever downward, into the bottomless perdition of prostitution."*

Some girls have friends with whom they may stay, while others are obliged to "sponge" on diet, clothes, and room rent if they wish to make an honest living. Not infrequently these girls resist the severest temptations and the most beastly seducers. There are fellows posing as society gentlemen who have plenty of money and no work, who are bent on mischief. I have seen them ap-

* *In Darkest England*, p. 13.

proach counter girls, and behind the superintendent's back flirt with them for half an hour—all the while purchasing goods, but the goods they purchased haunts the conscience of the purchaser in the day of judgment like *delirium tremens*. These are the girl's gentleman friends who give her spending money and help her to nice clothes. They appear very clever and polished, but inwardly they are ravening wolves. The poor girls, lonesome, homeless, hungry, helpless, having no one to love, none to caress, fall easy victims to the lustful villains!

“If ye hear without a blush
Deeds to make the roused blood rush
Like red lava through your veins,
For your sisters now in chains;
Tell me are ye fit to be
Fathers of the brave and free?”

Just recently A. H. Leaman of the Home Mission, Chicago, related to me an incident that illustrates these facts. A lady of Cape Cod hearing of big wages in that city (\$5 and \$6 per week) with honest intent, and the noble purpose of saving her earnings for later years, left home and friends that she might take advantage of the inducement. She found work, but so different from what she had expected. She could scarcely make her way honestly. Adversity set in; she had no friends and no home to go to, and in an evil and despondent hour fell from virtue, and lost the greatest treasure of a woman's possessions.

In Cook County Hospital sick and weary of life she would weep and pray and plead for one more

opportunity in life; amid sobs and tears she related her sad experiences, and in the midnight hours dreamed of her far-off home and of purity; but at the break of day the sad thought of what might have been, would come unbidden to linger with her lonely mind.

There are yet other sins that add darkness to the sad picture of city life.

A brother, in a private letter, urges me to sound the note of warning to young men and parents. From the details of a business transaction which he chanced to hear he learned how brothel keepers get some of their "trade." That is, they pay part and give the store, where they buy, credit for the remainder, and the clerks are supposed to patronize the resort and have said patronage charged against their accounts on their employer's books!

So full of white-washed slime and filth are the souls of our society cranks, city dudes, and country toughs, that the honest, clean mind cries out in agonizing horror: "O damnable fiend of lust! how hateful, how awful, how horrible thou art in thine every feature, when thy form is seen by the clear eye of purity. Thy passions are hotter than a thousand furnaces—thy cruelty more relentless than that of any Hindoo monarch—thy tortures infinitely more exquisite in their refinements of anguish than any Spanish inquisitors or barbarious Indian inflicted—thy stealth more crafty than the sleuth-hound—thy hideousness more horrible than gaunt-eyed famine—thy swift-dealing destructiveness more sure than earthquake or vol-

cano—thy end more to be dreaded than death on battlefield or on the gallows.”*

IN THE COUNTRY.

To a young man \$50.00 for a month's work seems a big thing; but the boy in the country getting \$15.00 per month with board and washing can save more of his earnings in a year than the boy in the city getting \$50.00 per month. Everything you lay your hands on in the city costs money—you get no favors there. A man with an income of \$100.00 per month and a family may resort to flats of the more respectable kind. He cannot be independent. If sickness overtakes him, his income stops; and if he lingers, his position will be taken by another. At \$50.00 a month it is almost impossible to keep up a respectable living. By observing the strictest rules of economy and keeping a close watch on time some manage to get through decently. A man in the country may be independent with a capital of \$25,000, not so in the city. In fact any one worth \$50,000 living in the country or village has more time for recreation, may travel more, enjoy life better, give more for benevolent institutions and Christian work, and be more of a success than the man in the city with a quarter of a million at his disposal.

I am acquainted with people in the country who are worth \$10,000 and they live like princes—too much so for the good of their stomachs, when they come to the table. They read a dozen papers, journals, and magazines, and keep posted on the

* *Mysteries of Chicago*, p. 117.

events of the day the world over. One of my friends worth not over \$5,000 actually takes fourteen papers, finds time to read them, is an active church worker, and lays up money every year. I know of no such cases in the city; the "daily" composes the reading circle of the average man in the city.

In our township we have eight libraries. Our youth have time to search after the mysteries of God's handiwork and know more of real life and what is going on in the world than people in the cities have any idea. They are no longer the "hay-seeds" and country "green-horns," but our common boys and girls compare very favorably with the best the city can produce in intelligence, honesty, judgment, and moral worth.

I have been amused to see "city swells" look down upon country blood as something common and inferior. Their brains would often not begin to measure up to that of the well-balanced, open-hearted, robust, despised country lad. Were it not that some of the rich country blood would find its way into the ranks of the city population to breed that up again, it would long ago have degenerated into mere sluggishness. Says Emerson on this point, "The city would have died out, rotted and exploded, long ago, but that it was reinforced from the fields. It is only country which came to town day before yesterday that is city and court to-day." And "sociologists" tell us that "only the agricultural class possess permanent vitality, from its overflow the city population is formed, displaced, renewed." "Any city popula-

tion, if left to itself, would die out in four generations." "The city is an inland lake, fed by constant streams, but without an outlet. As are the fountains, so will be the streams and lake. The problem of rural Christianity is the problem of national Christianity—stated a few generations in advance."* Thomas Dixon, in a lecture at Canton, Ohio, vulgarly stated that "New York City has not bred true manhood enough in the last twenty-five years to save her from hell twenty-four hours."

But why do country people not make better use of their opportunities? Not one in a thousand reaches the coveted prize—honor, wealth, fame. There was a time when the boy fresh from the soil, with a ruddy glow, hardened muscle, an honest mind, and a will to succeed could find employment behind the counter, at the desk, or in the shop, and in a few years by steady nerve, patient effort, and economic investments work his way up, become a partner, marry a daughter of the employer, and carry off a coveted and often well-earned reward, but that day is past. Boys and girls in the city have their eyes open to new positions. They work cheap, cheaper than any one can who is not able to lodge and board at home. Very few indeed, if any, better their conditions by exchanging a position in the country for one in the city. One writer has said that "not one out of a thousand succeed," and I believe the statement to be literally correct.

* *New Era*, p. 177.

Once in the city there seems to be

NO WAY OF GETTING OUT.

The longer the stay the greater the fascination to remain, although hunger gnaws like a cancer, and ruin stares its victim in the face on every turn. I called at a home one day where the parents had applied for help. There were four in the home. A rheumatic father who was unable to walk, the mother bundled up in rags, drank like a toper, chewed tobacco, begged, and gathered cigar stubs for spending money; the oldest son of twenty-four was a sot and a "bum"; the boy of thirteen looked as if he might be rescued. The father was getting a pension of \$8.00 per month. The only stove in the house was carried away that morning by the "pawn-broker." They could all told not make up two dollars. I suggested to help them by finding a place for the boy 80 miles south of the city with a respected farmer. Imagine my surprise at the answer, "Oh, no, we can't give up our boy; we are afraid he would not be provided for. We want to train him at home and not let him out to strangers." The workhouse would have been a blessing for that boy. The penitentiary would have been a hundred times more congenial to the development of manhood than that home! This same woman had been brought up in a respectable family, and at one time taught school—but bad companions ruined her.

On another occasion I desired a bright four-year-old Irish boy whose father was literally wasting away with tumors and bed-sores, and had been for six months. The mother waited on the sick

father, and a baby of six months. She lived in a rear attic and managed to get through with what could be begged or stolen. But no, not for the world would she give up her boy; strangers could not train him like a mother. She would sooner sleep in a store box, and with her children live on garbage, than to be separated or with them leave the city.

I have never been quite able to understand why it is that the Lord makes these "pauper families like a flock, and permits the fashionable to escape with a poodle-dog." Think of it! four thousand unborn, slain and murdered in cold blood every year and mostly by society ladies and pleasure seekers of Chicago alone; I say nothing of the thousands carried every year to the baby-farms, to be fed on sour milk and paregoric to keep them quiet until they die. But I must not linger around such an awful fact. The picture of humanity becomes too black before my eyes for comfort.

The poor Irishwoman, taken out of the slums of one of our eastern cities to live with some benevolent country people, who had, after a few weeks, returned, illustrates still more clearly the charms of city life. "Couldn't you find work enough?" she was asked. "Yes." "Well, then, why did you come back here to starve, rather than live in comfort?" "Paples is moore coompany than stumps." What a volume of argument in that answer. The dance, beer garden, theater, brothel, saloon, European hotel-annex, club house, opium joint, gambling den, lodging house, concert halls, lyceums, museums, massage parlors, billiard rooms, races,

and other resorts "too numerous to mention" each doing a flourishing business among the living dead tell the secret. There is

NO LACK FOR EXCITEMENT.

The cry, "Lo, here! lo, there!" can be heard all over the city above the noise and tumult of a crowded street. Racket only stimulates the desire for more excitement. There seems to be no time for sober thought, no time for serious effort, no time for honest toil. Business, speculation, politics, jobs, pleasure games, and religion crowd and jam and threaten, but all to no particular gain. Each figures about so much and when that is said it is all said. Amid the whirlpool of human traffic—the temptations that toss haunted souls like mad waters—there are thousands who go under, never to rise again. The battle will never be renewed. They are gone forever and ever, and "no man layeth it to heart." They drop away like flies in September, and are hurried off into Potter's field, or some dissecting room where young doctors pay their last tribute of *dis*-respect to the departed slain.

The rum traffic, with its thousands of trapdoors throughout our land, is sickening millions and sinking sixty thousand into a drunkard's grave every year.

The numberless dens of infamy play mischief with an army of men who go after them "straightway as an ox goeth to the slaughter," "as a fool to the correction of the stocks," "as a bird hasteth to the snare," and they know not that they are

wounded, and that "all her slain are a mighty host." Excitement, worry, exhaustion, filth, and disease mow down the people in swaths.

In two foul alleys of a slum district, "the death rate of children under five years reached the enormous figures" of seventy-three out of every hundred. "*Happy children that died!* But many children of the slums are condemned to live." A child should have the right to be "born not damned into the world."*

"Is it well that while we range with science, glorying the
time

City children soak and blacken soul and sense in city
slime?

There among the gloomy alleys Progress halts on
palsied feet,

Crime and hunger cast our maidens by the thousand on
the street.

There the master scrimps his haggard sempstress of her
daily bread;

There a single sordid attic holds the living and the dead.

There the smouldering fire of fever creeps across the
rotted floor,

And the crowded couch of incest in the warrens of the
poor."†

Another evil that has stolen the march of the prairie fire over our vast country surrounding large cities is

THE SUNDAY EXCURSION.

Twenty-five thousand souls were run into Cleveland on one Sunday in the summer of 1898. The railroads "rope in" millions of dollars, but the

* Bishop South. † Tennyson.

country is drained not only of means that mostly come from the scanty purse of the wage earner, but of vitality, vigor, virtue, self-respect, character, and manhood and of womanhood. Toledo, Cincinnati, Pittsburg, Baltimore, St. Louis, Kansas City, with a number of other cities, have of late years been soliciting a large Sunday patronage. A railroad corporation that cannot meet expenses without indulging in wholesale soul slaughter ought to go out of business.

What excuse is there for country people to go to the city on Sunday? There is no legitimate excuse. They cannot go to "rest up," the city has no rest to spare. They cannot go for an airing, smoke and cinders are no improvement on a clear, blue sky. They need not go to find a suitable place to worship, rented pews and "no welcome" are less agreeable than openheartedness and frank companionship. But why is the country so often drained of the bloom of youth on Sunday morning when the warm days come?

AH—THERE IS THE RUB!

These country upshots go to the city to see the sights and "paint the town red." They may have heard of those whose business it is to form speedy acquaintances, and who "confidentially" take strangers into their care for the day. Boys that stand well among home friends invariably are tried to their utmost capacity, when once they get among strangers, and many kick over the traces. Home restraints are a powerful stimulus to right action. Where everybody knows everybody reputation

helps wonderfully to keep man "up to the mark." In the city all are strangers. The power of external restraint is lost, and the vessel is tempest-tossed and at the mercy of the winds. The boys come home from their city adventure weak in purpose, a shattered will, a blackened heart. Sin is contagious, and is often transmitted to comrades in "tales of experience" at the loafing places. Others unspotted hear the story, think, brood, and some day fall a prey to the consuming fire.

I do not wish to be understood that this is the only evil in connection with Sunday excursions, nor do I wish any one to take from what I said, that all who patronize the Sunday excursion necessarily walk over the same road, but that many do fall along the route described, while many more are powerfully tempted and tossed.

Boys are not the only ones to suffer from the immoral effects of a Sunday outing; girls and whole families, exposed to the same dangers, suffer in a similar manner. Foolish talking, jesting, bicycle chases, and romping about from early morning till midnight have a demoralizing effect upon all who participate, regardless of age, sex, or "previous conditions of servitude." The American Sabbath is more and more changed from a day of worship to a day of revelry. Instead of quiet we have excitement; instead of rest, unrest; instead of praising God, serving self; and the result is apparent.

Churches, instead of being filled by the train loads of excursionists, are sparingly attended. The second service struggles for an existence,

and the deacons discuss what to do to hold the people; but the theaters are crowded twice a day, the parks are thronged with sight-seers and baseball admirers, the saloons do a "flourishing business" from the rear, the city is over-run with people who believe in sowing their wild oats, and our land is threatened with a great harvest of sin.

The respectable places of amusement under the microscope present a horrible appearance. A "gilded saloon" may have its walls decorated with thousands of dollars' worth of pictures—but pictures that make war with the "apple of the eye" and overcome the elements that count for true manhood. Looking glasses may be so arranged as to carry one away "into a strange room" as soon as the threshold has been crossed.

The guide knows when the pocket book has been sufficiently drained to point the stranger to the exit. The fashionable club-house may be the resort for respectable prodigals, but sins committed there are just as abominable in God's eyes as those committed elsewhere.

The Board of Trade may have been organized to stimulate and encourage trade, but when it is converted into a den of howling gamblers where it is made possible for one to make or lose a fortune in a day, what shall we say of it? Wall Street may be the rendezvous of "money kings," but Water Street at its side is the resort of "bums." Behind the Chicago "sky scraper" lies the levee. Every Broadway has its Bowery. Lazarus reminded Dives of his duty; the ugly feet of the peacock bring down his feathers.

Against the legion of influences always at work trapping and slaying, there stand the few contending for the right, nobly resisting the devil and his works. Some of the noblest Christian people I have ever seen live in the city. Sacrifices are counted privileges, Christian duties a pleasure. They never once give way to the popular ways of the worldlings about them. They recognize sin and its effects all about them, but are themselves "dead to it." Consecrated missionaries and zealous Christian workers devote all their spare time to raise the fallen. There are churches and pastors that put forth every effort to advance the Gospel and bring the city to Christ. I know of no place where the opportunities to develop character and heroes are so great as in an American city. Every Christian should be engaged in some humanitarian effort of Christian work to which he may devote all his leisure hours. No one ought to go to the city who is not well established in Christian principles and who is not willing to give the city a spiritual lift. There is plenty of room for live Christians and no others.

"I said, 'Let me walk in the fields,'

He said, 'No: walk in the town,'

I said, 'There are no flowers there,'

He said, 'No flowers but a crown.'

"I said, 'But the skies are black,'

There is nothing but noise and din;'

And he wept as he sent me back,

'There is more,' he said, 'there is sin.'

"I said, 'But the air is thick,
And fogs are veiling the sun;'
He answered, 'Yet souls are sick,
And souls in the darkness undone.'

"I said, 'I shall miss the light
And friends will miss me, they say
He answered, 'Choose to-night,
If I am to miss you, or they.'"





All things are lawful unto me, but all things are not expedient; all things are lawful for me, *but I will not be brought under the power of any.*—*Paul.*

Hundreds of young men and maidens might become renowned in letters, or in science and literature, by devoting only the time they waste in doubtful and dangerous amusements. The time that many kill at billiards, theaters, and clubs, was the time that made Hugh Miller, Burritt, Wilson, and many others illustrious. It is not wise to seek recreation where moral perils lurk, when it can be found elsewhere with innocence and safety.—*Wm. M. Thayer.*



CHAPTER V.

AMUSEMENTS—RECREATION.

Amusement and recreation should not be confused. Crabb says, "Whatever *amuses* serves to kill time, to lull the faculties, banish reflection." Recreation means to *re-create*, and implies that something had been lost by previous exertion or exhaustion. I shall use the terms in the sense defined.

The continued stroke of the arm without a change in speed or power is what tires the muscle. Sitting or standing in one position is more exhausting than to move about with a heavy load. The strong arm tied up in a sling for a week wastes away. The brain that is enslaved to one line of thought gives way. Rest is a good thing—after work, but where there has been no exhaustion there can be no rest. The difficulty with most people is, they want to live a whole life of recreation. There may be some who grow old because of too much seriousness, but not a great many.

I have met a few that reminded me of the boy's theory of what a Christian was, who on seeing a mule said to his father, "That animal would make a good Christian, wouldn't he papa?" "How do you make that out, my boy?" "Because," continued the lad, "he wears such a long

face." There is a time for everything, and God never intended that we go through this world long faced. We are to be human, capable of "weeping with those who weep, and rejoicing with those who rejoice." When a child, talk as a child, play, spend some time in *childishness* and happy hours that enrich the blood; but there should be a time when work takes the place of play, and recreation a second place.

Amusement in the sense defined—"killing time"—is positively dangerous. "Hundreds of young men and maidens," says Mr. Thayer, "might become renowned in letters, and in science, and literature, by devoting only the time they kill in doubtful and dangerous amusements." The time they kill at billiards, cards, clubs, races, etc., if redeemed, could have helped them to reputation, character, prosperity, and heaven.

VOCATION AND AN AVOCATION.

Let your vocation be stimulated by an avocation, and your avocation replenished by healthful recreation. The pastor's vocation is to preach the gospel, and watch over his flock; he may, in an avocation, find recreation in the garden or shop. "One of America's great divines" spent his time for recreation in handling carpenter tools. Burritt sought recreation by leaving the library for the forge, exchanging "the book for the hammer." Longfellow made teaching his vocation, and writing poetry his avocation, although we know him better as a poet than as a teacher. Daniel Web-

ster loved to spend some of his time on the farm, where he regained strength for public work. William E. Dodge found time between business hours to visit the slums and alleys of New York, help the poor, and preach to them the gospel. George Bancroft, the historian, loved to ride out on horseback, and to cultivate roses and flowers. It was said of his garden at Newport, "It is one of the wonders of the world." The apiary, nursery, garden, farm, shop, ranch, forest, may be used for pleasure as well as profit, in which any one in professional life may be recreated without being morally defiled.

Conversation is a blessing when the art of it has been learned. The mind feels much rested after a wholesome chat with a friend, but gossip works the other way.

Bishop Hall says, "Recreation is intended to be to the mind what whetting is to the scythe, to sharpen the edge of it, which otherwise would grow dull and blunt. He, therefore, who spends his whole time in recreation, is ever whetting, never mowing; his grass may grow and his steed starve, as contrarily, he that always toils and never recreates, is ever mowing, never whetting, laboring much to little purpose."

AMUSEMENTS OVERDONE.

The signs of the times indicate an overflow along the line of amusements. There has been too much of the good thing—like honey, it is very good but too much sickens. Says Mr. Dale, "The boy with his expensive skates and bicycle is

less happy than was his grandfather with the little unpainted sled which some member of the family made from old board ends. The girl with her imported doll, dressed in its gorgeous costume, does not take half the comfort with it that her grandmother did with the rag one made by mother. Our pleasures like our lives are artificial; we need to go back to more simple ways of living."

There is really no rest nor pleasure in a "game" such as is usually played for pastime. There is a great mental strain throughout the game that exhausts more than it *re-creates*. Sometimes small wagers are agreed upon to make it spicy, but this is the highway to gambling. Marbles may be played for "keeps" and a spirit of chance fostered and cultivated in the boy which forever disqualifies him for honest business in after life. Boys that play games get absorbed in them to such an extent that they are not fit for anything. They neglect their work, don't answer when called, refuse to eat when the time comes, and really become dull and stupid. Who wants to be around such a boy? Said a mother, "I was led to believe that if I would keep my boys from wanting to play cards away from home, I must allow it under my own eye, and we played a good deal for a few months; but I saw that they were becoming absorbed and fascinated by the chances of the game, that it was fast taking the place of reading and conversation, and all social life, and I began to realize that instead of shielding them from temptation I was preparing them to fall

right in with it. We have no more to do with cards at our home."

SOME SINFUL RESULTS.

Some people *will* learn by sad experience what they will not receive in counsel, and some learn neither by counsel nor experience—such are fools. President Wayland on one occasion, preaching to a number of students on amusements, among other things said, "You asked me if it is sinful for Christians to play cards. Well, you remember that the Roman soldiers threw dice and cast lots while our Savior was dying on the cross. But you as His disciples, had you been present, could not have taken part in that game of chance and why should you do so now before whose eyes Jesus Christ hath been evidently set forth, crucified among you?" The only safe way is to "keep himself unspotted" from all games.

Probably the greatest evil fostered by the spirit of amusement in America is the element of levity it introduces into the religious services and divine worship. We get so used to laughing at everything and wanting to be entertained that the service that fails to *amuse* is not enjoyed. The preacher that cannot occasionally "crack a joke" is stale and dry. There must be something entertaining about the service, to hold the crowd. If the preacher lacks along that line, the choir or the members must make up for it, possibly by introducing a "magic-lantern show," "festival," or "theatrical performance" during the week. Some people that cannot be persecuted out of their religion may be laughed out of it. If the gospel of

Christ can be best advanced by clownishness, "this life is one of the most serious of all practical jokes." Well may Mr. Alger cry out, "In what previous age was maddening rivalry so universal, giggling laughter so pestilent an epidemic, triviality at such a premium, and sublimity at such a discount?....The average men of our time—as well those of the educated as those of the laboring classes—do not live for immortality, therefore their faith in it diminishes."

One game paves the way for another—the lesser precedes the greater. There is no standing still in "chance" life. The fashionable society play known as *progressive euchre* received some ventilation by Judge Moon, in his charge to the grand jury of Chattanooga. Said he, "Not only is gambling carried on in regular gambling resorts, but people of high standing and respectability gamble. They may not put down money, but they set an example for others in playing for prizes and awards. In these progressive euchre games these persons play for fine pictures or gold-headed canes. Examples are set that are a violation of the law, and it is just as demoralizing as common gambling. A conviction of one of a high class is better, as an example, than the conviction of only ordinary people for common gambling."*

GAMBLING ENCOURAGED.

Races and betting go hand in hand. The *dailies* contain columns of sporting news, and on great occasions whole pages are devoted to the same.

* *An Aristocratic Lady.*

The collegiate races create an enthusiasm in betting and for drinking that is astonishing. The foot-ball games also cause a great amount of sin. Said a Philadelphia paper of a game between that city and Yale, "So far as is known not a Pennsylvania man lost a dollar on this game, in consequence of which the Philadelphians are jubilant and the Yalesians correspondingly down cast. Thus was the game a victory for the Pennsylvania backers, and the presumption is that they got all they lost on the Princeton game and more besides." The moral coloring of the collegiate races and games is black with sin. And the physical aspect is equally as bad. For a dozen or two of students to get so much exercise at a game that several must be carried off the ground with fractured limbs and half dead, while all the rest sit in the shade and look on, is not a sensible way of developing muscle.

In 1897 the whole country went mad for a week because a prize-fight was taking place in a western city. It was actually reported that when the boys on the street cried the extra papers announcing the result, a respectable court in St. Louis adjourned to give the jury, the lawyers, and the judges an opportunity to get the news; and, strange to say, the United States Senate and lower House of Congress adjourned likewise for the same purpose. This is amusement gone to seed—possibly "spiritual wickedness in high places" run after by the "rulers of the darkness of this world."



Some of the first theaters of London were simply cock-pits, where the lowest classes of society carried on their revolting sport of cock-fighting. One theater was actually called "The Cock-pit," from which we still have the theatrical phrase, "The Pit." It is said that a young man once agreed to meet his friend at the door of the theater. In waiting a half hour for his friend, he was so impressed by the cries of the ushers, "This way to the pit! This way to the pit!" that, his Christian training getting the better of him, he concluded that he was on the brink of perdition and took to his heels.—*Dr. James Brand.*



CHAPTER VI.

AMUSEMENTS—THE THEATER.

Advocates of the theater claim for it the advantage of getting knowledge in a happy manner, without fatigue of mind and body. They tell us that the higher classics of literature can be conveyed to the mind and impressed more forcibly by the drama than in any other way, and that it serves as a medium through which the common people and unlearned may be reached.

Granted that the eye may be capable of more forcibly impressing the mind than is the ear, if with the act more evil is imbibed, there is no real gain. The history of the stage, to say the least, is humiliating not exalting. With all the good that has been claimed for it and all efforts on the part of those who have tried to reform it, the stage is an unruly institution, an ill-behaved art. I do not in this case mean to go far out of the way in approaching a delicate subject, but ask you to look into its inner workings at once; perhaps the impression will be more significant.

The theater exposes people to dangers. "Dramatic poetry is of heathen origin." The ethical writers of all ages whether heathen or Christian have invariably testified against theatrical plays. Plutarch, Xenophon, Plato, Socrates, Ovid, among a number of other Greek and Roman historians

and writers, have "condemned the theater as hostile to public and private morals." The early Christians looked upon the amphitheaters with horror and called them the "domiciles of the devil." In them were slain many of their number who dared to contend for "the faith once delivered to the saints."

Tertullian regarded the dramatic art as the "offspring of hell, and the stage a part of the devil's pomp which the candidate for baptism must renounce forever." Chrysostom boldly withstood the theatrical passions of Antioch and Constantinople, and declared the stage the home of Satan and lies, the consummation of unchastity, the Babylonian furnace which is heated with combustible material of unchaste words and attitudes."* Josephus (not as Christian) opposed Herod when he introduced the theater into Jerusalem on the ground that it would corrupt the morals of the Jews.

MORE EVIDENCE IN HISTORY.

In the early history of the theater, women were not admitted on the stage. Men and boys in women's clothes performed the "feminine" part of the program. "Shakespeare's 'Desdemona' was the first play in which woman took part." She has taken her place there ever since, but we cannot see that her influence helped to refine the stage a little bit. Macaulay says that from the time the theaters were opened, they became the seminaries of vice, "Nothing charmed the de-

* *Schaff-Herzog Encyclopedia.*

praved audience so much as to hear lines, grossly indecent, repeated by a beautiful girl supposed not yet to have lost her innocence." Sir Walter Scott in his day claimed that it was abandoned to the vicious; the best portion of the house being set apart for abandoned characters.

In India only such women as have lost their virtue appear on the stage, and in our own country the temptation to employ that class, or to make them such, is self-evident. After the notorious Pollard-Breckenridge trial, that fallen woman was offered great inducements by a number of theatrical managers for her presence in their plays. It matters not how abandoned a female character may be, if she by it has gained notoriety, she has won the key to success on the stage. Mary Anderson, for a number of years an actress, afterward saved, said, "Coarseness and sensuality seem to be the views of our nineteenth century life. The prize ring supplies the stage with its male stars, and the divorce court supplies it with its female stars." And the *Pittsburg Gazette* remarked that "as a furnisher of grists for the divorce mill nothing has yet been discovered to equal the stage."

Many of the so-called French Plays which have been introduced into this country dwell largely on married men falling in love with a servant girl during the absence of the wife, or a wife winning the attentions of a gentleman friend or two. Is it any wonder that conjugal love is fast being outdone by lust, sin, and divorce? Social purity has so far degenerated in many cities

and localities that boys and men declare there is not one girl out of ten to be trusted. I do not credit so bad an interpretation of the moral law concerning women; but it does indicate, if it indicates anything, that the minds of some have been most wonderfully corrupted. When the secret to most performances has won for itself the reputation of "leg show" the time has come for decency and virtue to make battle with the greatest enemy of home and of motherhood.

A crowd of boys feeding on a "poster" that shows how women are *not* dressed is sufficient evidence of the corrupting influence of the stage. A bill poster in Chicago was actually arrested some time ago because he was thought to be selling

OBSCENE PICTURES;

but when he made known to the authorities that they were bills for a theatrical troupe, he was, as a matter of course, released! "Lust when it hath conceived bringeth forth sin!"

The element of lust aroused and fanned by the "graceful windings" across the foot lights, and by "lifting neatly-booted feet above a straight line of sight," serves splendidly to glorify a fascinating sinner, and make the world weep over her ruin." There is a wonderful amount of pleasure and fascination to the "carnally sold under sin" in letting the mind run unrestrained toward the goal of moral corruption suggested by poses, language, and performances. In the most of the theaters of our large cities a part of the building is set apart for debauched men and ruined women. In some

cities such characters are admitted free. The theater is the prostitutes' place of worship! Who can risk going into a place so haunted by the depraved, and expect to come out as pure minded as when he entered? One of my friends, an editor of a religious paper, thought it necessary for him to visit the theater in order to be able to write intelligently against it. He attended one of the principal theaters of the city on a Sunday afternoon, and evening. But he was so shocked at the performances that for weeks and months he had to fight temptations suggested by his visit.

Kate Upson Clark, one who has been enthusiastic upon the subject of "the elevation of the drama," makes this confession: "Thus, when it has come to be taken for granted that a certain actor will appear in nothing but the finest plays, you go to see him in a new one and find that its morals are dubious, or worse. Or when you think that a certain manager can be relied upon to present only chaste and elevating dramas, you patronize him and discover that he is giving to the public those which are corrupting and degrading."*

Young Whitefield used to practice reading and reciting plays, and gave some attention to dramatic life, which some might argue, in later years proved beneficial in his ministry; but hear what he has to say: "I cannot but observe here, with much concern of mind, how this way of training up youth has a natural tendency to debauch the mind, to raise ill passions, and to fill the memory with things as contrary to the Gospel of Christ as

* *The Independent*, vol. 51, p. 822.

darkness is to light, as hell to heaven. I became acquainted with such a set of debauched, abandoned, atheistical youths, that if God, by His free, unmerited, and special grace, had not delivered me out of their hands, I should have sat in the scorner's chair and made mock of sin. In short I soon made great proficiency in the school of the devil. I soon affected to look rakish and was in a fair way of being as infamous as the worst of them." Here may be a hint to those who wish light on the subject of school and lyceum exhibitions! Miserable training where it serves to cultivate a taste for vulgarity, show, and depraved affections.

A ROMAN CATHOLIC EXPERIMENT.

The Roman Catholic Church during the Middle Ages endeavored to utilize the benefits of the dramatic art in presenting "moral" and "miracle plays," but such a spirit of worldliness was brought into the church that the experiment had to be abandoned as utterly worthless. Lackey says of the "religious plays" that they became "at last one of the most powerful agents in bringing the church, and indeed religion, into disrepute." Dr. Brand, pastor of the First Congregational Church of Oberlin, Ohio, made an estimate of the effect of theater-going on the spiritual condition of Christians, by sending out some eighty letters of inquiry to prominent pastors of city churches. He received some fifty answers. "Six or eight of the writers," says he, "take a negative position as to occasional attendance by Christians. Yet they say it is the exception and not the rule,

where theater-goers are active and spiritually minded. Two approve of the occasional attendance of Christians. All the rest believe in the expediency of absolute *total abstinence* for all good people, as the theater now is. And every man, from whom I have heard, thinks that *habitual* or indiscriminate theater-going is a curse." After giving a number of extracts from letters received, he winds up with the following pertinent remark: "Now it is a most remarkable circumstance that historians, moralists, philosophers, and Christians through twenty-seven hundred years should have dreaded and testified against the theater as a moral influence on the race."

SOME STARTLING FACTS.

Dr. Johnson, in his "Plain Talks About the Theater," makes some startling statements about the leading theaters of New York, Chicago, and Philadelphia, as gathered from "press" reports of the leading dailies. The one in Chicago that claims to have been the "cleanest playhouse in the city," and, to use the manager's own words, "an institution which, by its teachings, has always been one of the main supporters of true Christian religion," had two runs on "The World" the plot of which is: "Two brothers, one goes to Australia—supposed to be dead. One disinherited—has mistress; finally gets property and rejects his mistress. She, thus cast off, says in substance, 'I picked you out of the gutter and you lived on the money I earned by vice. Now that you are a baronet, you cast me off. But I'll drag you in the

mud again.' Supposed dead brother returns—suicide."

How does such stuff compare with the teachings in the Sermon on the Mount on adultery? If theaters that stand on the top round condescend to cater to the sensual desires and dreams of whoredom, I would like to know where language can be found to describe such as make no pretense at being religious! What have all the reforms come to that have been agitated and advanced to save the stage? Where is Garrick's influence, or Booth's, or Kemble's, or Irving's? No; you cannot reform the passion any more than you can the appetite. So long as men and women crave "sensational ticklings," and delight to roam about on the desert of "positive immorality," there will be men who are ready to devote their time, talent, and eternity, to supply the demand.

What shall we say then unless it is that you shun the theater as you would a "personal devil"?

The average theater of to-day is a "murderous assault upon all that the family circle holds most holy and sacred." It is a place where the Bible is ridiculed, virtue dethroned, lust laughed at, and social sins applauded. "Flee youthful lusts," and go not where war is waged on chastity, purity, love, home, motherhood, and pure and undefiled religion. George Vanderhoff, an eminent actor, after having been rescued, advised any youth who thought of entering the profession, "Go to anything or anywhere that will give you an honest and decent livelihood, rather than go upon the

stage. To any young lady with a similar proclivity, I would say, Buy a sewing machine, and take in plain work first; so shall you save much sorrow, bitter disappointment, and secret tears."

Those who have already become entangled by the evil influence of the stage, I would have listen for a moment to an incident related by Josiah W. Leeds. "A young and talented, and withal tender-hearted actress, in passing along a street saw a sick girl (who proved to be a devoted Christian), lying upon a couch just within a doorway. Obeying an inward impression, the actress stepped inside, when the words and evidences of patience and submission on the part of the invalid so affected her that she determined to forsake her occupation, though she was the star of the troupe, and a general favorite. On seeing that her father, who was the manager and leader, was greatly displeased, she seemed to yield; yet when the play was next given and the curtain rose upon her as she stood alone, she repeated amid the breathless silence of the audience, the touching words,

'My Jesus I love Thee, I know Thou art mine,
For Thee all the pleasures of sin I resign;
My gracious Redeemer, my Savior art Thou;
If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.'

No more was said. She left the audience in tears, to return no more to the unreal life and sham and the impurity that so clings to the stage; her father followed her in the better way, and it is believed that many through their united efforts were led to God!"



All things are lawful for me, but all things are not expedient: all things are lawful for me, *but all things edify not. Let no man seek his own, but every man another's wealth.*
—Paul.



CHAPTER VII.

AMUSEMENTS—THE DANCE.

I am aware of the fact that much has been said upon this subject, for and against. There are always those to be found who are ready to defend amusements of every variety, as if happiness depended alone upon some such as I have been discussing. The dance is a great favorite among society people, and not infrequently among the foreign peasantry. There are localities where the dance has been made popular, and all classes—rich and poor, high and low, professors of religion and non-professors—dance. Where such is the case, religion is at a low ebb, and the intellectual life of the community usually suffers much. Both religion and mental activity wanes where the dance flourishes. The two are antagonistic each to the other. “Ye cannot serve God and mammon” holds good with religion and the dance—the higher life of intelligence and the lower life of animal magnetism. Then there are localities where the lower class, only, indulge in this amusement. The dance, in the estimation of the public, is placed on a level with the saloon, the dancing master with the saloon keeper, and the dancer with the drinker. The character of one who attends the dance is just as much questioned as the one who patronizes the saloon. It should

be so, in every community, and half the battle would be won. The fruits of the dance have been evil ever since its origin, and especially as it effects the morals of a people. It is a sugar-coated evil. Many have been blindly led into it and ruined before they had time to think what was taking place. There is something intensely fascinating and ruinous about the dance to those who engage in it. The mind runs out on the field of unbounded liberty, and there skips, frolics, laughs, plays, courts, loves, imagines, covets, and lusts, feasting upon some or all of these to the full satisfaction of its own desires. Those who have had good training, and are by nature inclined to be virtuous, never venture so far away *from home* as those who are prodigal and inclined to "squander their substance." Not all dances are alike *bad*, but all have a pedigree that is capable of breeding mischief. In communities where the *better class* are given to dancing, the depths of depravity it may afford may never be reached; but a second generation is invariably not satisfied with the pace set by their seniors. Revivals have been instrumental in breaking up this evil and several years later some of the young people, who used to attend, looked with astonishment at the brink of danger upon which they so carelessly amused themselves. The young people took to books, work, culture, and development of character, and in a few years developed material that could be used to good advantage in the school room, on the farm, behind the counter, in the pulpit, and in heathen lands preaching the gospel. On the

other hand, in those settlements where dancing has been kept up, I find to-day ruined girls, drinking boys, wrecked characters, idleness, much poverty, and sad homes. The dance may not have caused all this, but it helped a great deal.

SOME EXCUSES CONSIDERED.

Some would make allowance for a certain kind of dance, and excuse themselves on the ground that they do not practice the most objectionable—round dance—that they do not dance with “strangers,” that they do not attend the ball, and that they do not keep late hours. The moderate dancers like the moderate drinkers are usually the dullest to see the danger they are in, and quite often the most successful in gaining converts for their cause—converts that invariably outdo their leaders ten to one. If there is ever any correcting to be done, or reproof to be given, strange to say these very moderate dancers have the least power—their words sound like “holy mockery” and simply offend! Some quote Scripture in their favor: “that there is a time to dance,” and cite the example of a patriarch and man of God who participated. Everybody quotes Scripture, if they don’t misquote. The devil is an expert at it. But if people to-day danced as did the Hebrews in Old Testament times, I would not take the time to object. “Mixed dancing was unknown to the Hebrews,” says Dr. Pentecost, “unless it was in one case, where, at the worship of the calf in the wilderness, it is recorded that ‘the people sat down to eat and drink, and rose up to play’ (dance) Ex. 32 : 6. With regard to this case, Paul uses it

to point a severe rebuke to the Corinthians who were going over to the idol temples and mingled with unbelievers, 'With them God was not well pleased.' 'Be ye not like unto them,' says the Apostle. On the other hand, Miriam, the sister of Moses, danced with the Hebrew women to celebrate the overthrow of Pharaoh. (Ex. 15.) David danced before the Lord with all his might, girded with linen ephod, for joy at the bringing again of the ark. There were music and dancing at the return of the prodigal." (Luke 15.) The one kind of dancing was little else than shouting and rejoicing by bodily demonstration and "exercise" which Paul claimed "profiteth little," but this dancing was never mixed. The other kind, of which modern dancing is a fair specimen, was hurtful, and was "reproved of God, because it was lascivious in its purpose and idolatrous in its associations." The dancing of Herodias cost John the Baptist his head, which led a distinguished minister to say, "I can never see dancing, in view of that fact, without an uncomfortable feeling about my throat."

Any dance in which both sexes take part is fascinating—excitable—and on that ground alone, condemnable; and this takes in all the different kinds of popular dances. The ablest and the best men find sufficient evil results along this line alone to set it aside forever as a place for worldlings, but never for Christians and highly respectable people.

ITS MORAL ASPECT.

Said one party, "The dancing hall is the nursery of the divorce court and the training ship of

prostitution." The Chief of Police has said that "three-fourths of the abandoned girls of New York were ruined by dancing," and the *Police Gazette*, not especially known for holding up a high moral standard, "Strange that young ladies will allow gentlemen to assume positions and take liberties in the public dance that they would not allow in their parlors." Horace Bushnell, liberal in many of his views, dared to say of these forms of the dance, "They are the contrived possibilities of license which belong to high life only when it runs low." And Dr. Brand, preaching in the pulpit once occupied by Charles G. Finney, Obelion, O., comes out as is his custom in plain and bold Anglo-Saxon: "Take the element of sex out of the problem and the dance need not be feared; but as it is generally conducted it brings the sexes into improper relations to each other, and thus sets the passions on fire. It is useless to mince matters on this point. The danger of the promiscuous dance lies in the too familiar handling of each other's person when the sexes are together. When we add to this the dissipating and fascinating attendant circumstances and especially the modes of female dress usually adopted for the dance, affording exposure of arms, and neck, and bosom, it is impossible to doubt the existence of moral peril. The form of dress is doubtless innocently adopted, but it is nevertheless a vulgar and subtle though unintentional temptation to young men of both pure and impure mind."

Strange indeed that the young man who dances seldom goes to the hall when in search for a wife.

He wants a good wife, and knows that such are not to be found in questionable gathering places. A Philadelphia army officer on first witnessing a round dance remarked, "If I should see a man offering to dance with my wife in that way I would horse-whip him." That would be rather severe correcting—somewhat in line with the office, but it nevertheless proves the point; man, above everything else, expects his wife to be trustworthy—to be scrupulously virtuous.

Mr. Wilkenson, author of "The Dance of Modern Society," so graphically and forcibly discusses the moral phase of the subject, that I shall here quote him at length: "It mingles the sexes in such closeness of personal approach and contact as, outside of the dance, is nowhere tolerated in respectable society. It does this under a complexity of circumstances that conspire to heighten the impropriety of it. It is evening and the hour is late; there is the delicious intoxication of music and motion, *perhaps of wine*, in the blood; there is the strange, confusing sense of being individually unobserved among so many, while yet the natural, noble shame, which guards the purity of man and woman alone together, is absent—such is the occasion, and still, hour after hour, the dance whirls its giddy kaleidoscope around, bringing hearts so near that they almost beat against each other, mixing the warm mutual breaths, darting the fine personal electricity across between the meeting fingers, flushing the face and lighting the eyes with a quick language, subject often to gross interpretations on the part of vile-hearted—why,

this fashionable institution seems to me to have been invented in an unfriendly quarter, usually conceived of as situated under us, to give our human passions leave to disport themselves, unreproved by conscience, by reason, or by shame, almost at their will—I will not trust myself to speak on this further. My indignation waxes hotter than can well be controlled. I even seem to myself to have contracted some soil from having merely described truthfully what thousands of fellow-Christians, ignorant of themselves, practice without swallowing a qualm!"

OTHER EVILS AS A RESULT.

I have said nothing of the expense—the waste of millions each year that is paid the dancing-master (whose business I hate), to the milliners, to the dressmakers, to the florists, to the musicians, to the jewelers, to the hall-managers, to the saloon keepers, and to the doctors that the institution may flourish. An exercise beginning at ten o'clock, at night, in a closed room, amid gases, heated and impure air, stimulated by intoxicated passions, and kept up until the break of day; then sudden exposures of the body in the open air is a most tremendous strain on the healthiest constitution to say nothing of the effect upon the delicate. This is splendid soil to germinate and mature disease and death. Many have shortened their lives by attending the dance. Not many years since, my attention was called to a young woman near Hamilton, O., who was sinking slowly but surely with that dreaded disease—consumption. I made inquiry as

to the probable cause of her sickness, and was told that in her day she has been a great lover of the dance, and that a year ago she had exposed herself on going home from such a gathering, contracted a cold, lung fever and consumption. The same party told me of half a dozen in the neighborhood who had shortened their lives by attending this institution. I see no difference whether a person takes his life suddenly or by degrees. The fact that a man or a woman has committed suicide either on a short or a long process does not change the final effect upon the soul, only in the one case there is more time for repentance than in the other, of which they may sometimes take advantage. I am glad to state, however, that dancing in that community has since been cast aside. Why should it not have been when so many bright young lives were slain because of it? It is summed up, an expensive luxury, a disease breeder, a virtue slayer, and a spiritual life destroyer! Stay away from the dance!





The saloon is a lock, in the stream of life, that opens upward all day long, and fills with human craft that have drifted from their moorings or lost their way, and at midnight empties with a rush and a hiss down stream.
—*John G. Woolley.*



CHAPTER VIII.

THE AMERICAN SALOON.

Probably more has been said about the evils of intemperance than of any other evil. Philo the Jew, and author of "Drunkenness and Sobriety," contemporary with our Savior, wrote that "the sons of physicians and philosophers of high repute . . . have left behind ten thousand commentaries entitled treatises on drunkenness." How many more books and treatises have been written in the two thousand years since is not comprehensible. Great evils are not eradicated by one stroke of the pen, one pull on the trigger, or one voice from the platform. The slow process of adding here a little, and there a little, line upon line, and precept upon precept, is what does the work in the end.

Not many years ago seemingly everybody drank. The preacher, as well as the toper, needed his glass; he could preach better with a stimulant to brace him up, and impart "boldness."

How different was the custom of the apostles who gave themselves continually to the "ministry of the word" and infilling of the Holy Ghost that they might have boldness to fear God and speak the truth before magistrates and kings!

In an article on "Gin" the *Encyclopedia Britannica* says, "In the early part of the eighteenth

century, gin shops multiplied with great rapidity in London; and the use of the beverage increased to an extent so demoralizing, that retailers actually exhibited placards in their windows intimating that there people might get drunk for a penny, and that clean straw in comfortable cellars would be provided for customers."

The introduction and general use of coffee, tea, and chocolate as a beverage about the year 1700, witnessed a radical change in the consumption of fermented beverages. But not until the revolution of public opinion against the liquor traffic, introduced by John Wesley and agitated by reformers in the colonies and Great Britain in 1733 and later, did the cause of temperance and total abstinence of inebriating beverages begin to make itself felt in earnest. Such men as Dr. Benjamin Rush of Philadelphia, publisher of *Medical Inquiry*; Joseph Talcott, the Quaker, of Auburn, N. Y.; President Nott of Union College in his "Sermons on the Evils of Intemperance," and Rev. Calvin Chapin in "The Connecticut Observer," did much to deepen the conviction against the use of liquor and organize societies for the suppression and prohibition of the liquor traffic.

There has of late years been

A MARKED CHANGE FOR THE BETTER

all along the line in rural districts on this question. The public conscience, by floods of temperance literature, orations, lectures, and sermons has been educated and in many respects is showing up a cleaner record of soberness and decency than

ever before. The first constitution and by-laws of a temperance association in the United States adopted in the year 1804 contained the following provision: "Any member of this association who shall be convicted of gross intoxication shall be fined twenty-five cents, unless such action of intoxication shall take place on the 4th of July, or on any regularly appointed military muster."* That would sound like ridicule if passed by a temperance society in our day.

I recall the day when the custom was to have whiskey or beer in the harvest and threshing season. Any one that did not obey the rule was branded stingy.

And I too remember when some of us boys who had become convinced of the folly and danger of such a practice refused the bottle, there were piercing remarks, winks, and the weapon of ridicule so pointedly fired at us that almost made our hearts faint and heads swim.

Temperantzler had a meaning when spoken by one who could give it the twist of the Swiss dialect that cannot be successfully translated into English. There is something like a wasp sting in it. But all has since been changed. No one, to my knowledge, resorts to beer and whiskey during these seasons in our settlement.

But what of the boys and men that introduced the reform? They have turned out to be the preachers, Sunday school superintendents, teachers, professors, doctors, merchants, and respectable men

* *Platform Echoes*, p. 309.

of the community, while those who ridiculed them are irreligious, many wrecked in character, and health, several inflated and debauched sots, and at least one, with a strong and hearty frame, has since, in the prime of life, collapsed under the pressure of a prolonged spree and spent his last hours fighting demons and darkness! What an end! God be merciful to the men and boys who love strong drink!

What I have said of the rural district does not apply to the city. The American saloon, which has been defined, "A place where intoxicating drink is sold over the counter by the glass," thrives best in a densely settled community. The excitement of life wears on the nerves and tires the mind; relief is sought in stimulants. "When trouble, like a gloomy cloud, has gathered thick and thundered loud," when disappointment and adversity pile in and flood the storm-beaten soul which has never learned to flee to the Lord for refuge, it is ready to try anything that dulls the sense and deadens the conscience. To these conditions the saloon proposes a remedy—

THE SOCIAL FEATURE—

which is one of the most fascinating inducements for homeless men the saloon affords. The poor fellow who has no place to stay, but the bed in which he sleeps, no place he can call his own, no place to rest and spend a quiet hour in reading and recreation, resorts often unwillingly, but for want of a better place, to the saloon. Here he can look at pictures, at flowers, hear music,

lounge about, chat, smoke, play, drink. It is the happiest place to which he is ever invited.

A drunkard of my acquaintance, who, when a young man, came from a respectable family in Germany, told me that during the first months in this country he used to get so homesick and lonesome that he hardly knew what to do or how to pass the time. He was a great reader, and is yet, but he would weary of that. Exhausted and homeless, no friends with whom to spend happy hours, he at last resorted to the saloon; there he found many friends, and drink on every side. Against better knowledge and his own will he took to drink and to this day he works hard and bums, bums and works, and works and bums, all because he has formed the habit and cannot help himself, not because he desires to do so.

The saloon may answer the purpose of a "club." It has

REGULAR CUSTOMERS AND MEMBERS.

One is patronized by the society swells, another by the rich, another by officers, another by clerks, another by working people, another by politicians, another by bums, another by gamblers, another by robbers, another by the fallen men, women, and boys. There are the respectable saloons, and the slum saloons, the down-town and the up-town, the family saloons and the bachelor saloons, and last, but not least in its train of evils, comes the department saloon. In this is carried on [a wholesale and retail character-destroying business. The rooms are so arranged that every grade of sinner can be satisfied(?). There is the

front room, but no one is seen to linger long here; next comes the bar-room, here the man with the white apron and studded shirt bosom is the commander-in-chief, and does a flourishing business; next comes the billiard hall, this is more secluded. The place also serves rings and gangs as a committee room in which they lay their plots. Many saloons can do all their business in three or four rooms, but in cities there are often many more departments. There are dark and secluded chambers where the light of heaven never enters. There are stalls where men revel in drunkenness and in shame. The fiends of hell lurk about here, and slay their helpless victims by the thousand. The cry of the corrupted and debauched has been heard coming from these places in the midnight watches, and it sounded as if the demons themselves were haunting these quarters. Voices could be heard shrieking, praying, cursing, begging, and groaning half a block away, but no help came. Under ordinary circumstances it would have been a sin to pass by without making a desperate effort to save them; but the government licenses these resorts, they pay revenue, and by all appearances this must satisfy God in the day of Judgment! Ah, will it?

Some men are too nice to have the public see them enter the front door, and some men are too full to have the public see them come out at the front door; so there is need of a side entrance, a rear entrance, a family entrance, and a ladies' entrance. The last two entrances mentioned are the indices of volumes of wickedness.

The respectable saloon may have its walls decorated and painted up-to-date, and its rooms furnished with the costliest furnishings. It may have a class of customers fine in appearance, and give entertainment of the highest order, but know thou that God says, "Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink, that putteth thy bottle to him, and makest him drunken also, that thou mayest look on their nakedness!" Hab. 2:15.

There is a saloon in New York said to have hanging on its walls,

PICTURES AND PAINTINGS

amounting in original cost to the snug sum of \$60,000. In Chicago there is one that has looking-glasses so arranged as to reflect and reflect doors, windows, rooms, and men, that a stranger once through the door cannot find his way out without the aid of a guide. There are places in the same cities so foul and offensive that the very sight and smell of the place sickens one at heart. But which is the greater abomination in the eyes of God, the respectable or the slum saloon? I for one cannot tell. I sometimes think the former. "Whatsoever is highly esteemed among men is an abomination to God."

Joseph Cook in his paper, *Our Day*, some time since said, "Without considering the saloon in connection with American politics, its social influence is enough to condemn it forever. As a class saloon keepers in our country are of the lowest characters. They are impure, profane, irreligious, vulgar, and often criminal; and their saloons are

like themselves. In no place as here, outside of the bagnio, is the atmosphere so saturated with all that is vicious and corrupting. Here one meets with the world's filthiest characters, filthiest pictures, and filthiest conversation, because here congregate society's filthiest souls. The American saloon is the rendezvous of thieves and cut throats and gamblers. 'Bummers', tramps, dead-beats, throng round them as flies around the paper prepared for their destruction. Here are planned our prize-fights. Here come the distributors of obscene literature to ply their wretched traffic; here come the boodlers to arrange for the corruption of our elections—here in these pest holes of infamy." Yet it is a lamentable fact that

THE PRINCIPAL PATRONS OF THE SALOON are young men. Into a single saloon in Cincinnati passed 252 men within an hour—236 of whom were young men. In New Albany, Ind., in an hour and a half on a certain evening, 1,109 persons entered 19 of the 76 saloons, 983 of whom were young men and boys.

C. H. Yatman stood on the streets of Newark, N. J., one day, and "in five minutes counted 62 young men going into one saloon."

Many of our large cities average one saloon for every twenty-five families, or in other words, one for every one hundred and twenty-five people. On an average the outlay for drink per annum is said to be \$120. How may we reasonably expect prosperity at that rate of waste?

Says Dr. Burrell of New York, "The missionary, Dr. Livingston, characterized slavery as the

open sore of the world. But slavery is dead, and the open sore of the world to-day is the traffic in drink. No nation has escaped it. Poor Ireland has been shamed and embarrassed and robbed of her political rights by reason of it. Scotland, land of stalwart and brainy men, is groaning under it. And England, shame on an Englishman conscious of the fact that London air is dense with stale odors of 'alf and alf' and London fog is tinged with the florid reflection of the bar-maids' faces, conscious that the English physique is proverbially heavy with drink, and yet presuming to suggest the Americanization of the spirit house!

"In Germany the complaint is made in official circles, owing to the effect of beer through progressive decades, it is scarcely possible to replenish the army with sound men. In France the national legislature is at this moment wrestling with the question, 'What shall be done to arrest the progress of the evils of intemperance?' It is indeed a poor time for Americans to think of adopting the saloon as a respectable institution when all the nations of the earth are wearied to death with it."*

But there is a more practical phase to the liquor traffic. Let us consider some authority on what

THE EFFECT OF STRONG DRINK

is on the mind and a man's success in life. Says Edward W. Bok, editor of the *Ladies' Home Journal*, "I have known men with salaries of thousands

* *The Gospel of Gladness*, p. 306.

of dollars per year occupying positions which hundreds would strive a lifetime to attain, come to beggary for drink. Only recently there applied to me, for any position I could offer him, one of the most brilliant of editorial writers in the newspaper profession—a man who two years ago easily commanded one hundred dollars for a single article in his special field. That man became so unreliable from drink that editors are now afraid of his articles; and although he can to-day write as forcible editorials as at any time during his life, he sits in a cellar of one of our cities writing newspaper wrappers for one dollar per thousand. And that is only one instance of several I could recite here. I do not hold my friend up as a ‘terrible example;’ he is but a type who convinced me, and may convince others, that a clear mind and liquor do not go together.”*

Mr. Bok as a young man who aims to make life a success, observed what the effect of drink was upon men, and seeing nothing but evil results he adopted for his conduct the total abstinence course, the only safe course to take. We need not always learn by experience. The better way is to learn to hate all sin and all evil ways by observation—from seeing its effects upon those who participate.

There are some, however, that prefer to hear words of precaution from one who has experienced the effect of sin he condemns. Such I would have listen to what John B. Gough, the reformed drunkard and one of the greatest lecturers in his

* *Successward*, p. 81.

day, has to say: "Go, if you please, into one of your drinking rooms, one of your gin-shops and see men standing at the counter. Look at that pale-faced, pallid-looking gin-drinker; see his eyes, how large they are, how deeply sunken in the sockets, as with his fingers, like the claws of an unclean bird, he clutches that glass of gin. Why he looks almost as if he had come up out of his grave to get his gin and had forgotten the way back again. It is horrible to look at him, and yet that is a man. See there is another one, the dull waters of disease stagnant in his eye; sensuality seated upon his cracked, swollen, parched lips; see him gibbering in all idiocy of drunkenness. That is a man! I know it is sometimes hard to look at the bleary-eyed, bloated sot, and feel 'that is a man!' Have you ever seen that admirable picture by Cruikshank, 'The man that thinks and acts, and the thing that drinks and smokes?' I have looked at the two, and yet one is just as much a man as the other; God created him with the same faculties, 'in the image of God created He him.'"*

Solomon cries out in burning words to the young man on his way to ruin: "My son, give me thine heart, and let thine eyes observe my ways Who hath woe? who hath sorrow? who hath contentions? who hath babbling? who hath wounds without cause? who hath redness of eyes? They that tarry long at the wine; they that go to seek mixed wine. Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth his color in the cup,

* *Platform Echoes*, p. 272.

when it moveth itself aright. At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder.”*

THE POWER OF THE TEMPTATION

to drink in many cases is awful. Only such as have experienced its grip can form any kind of accurate idea of its tremendous force. Said a noted surgeon in the habit of drinking, “I feel the most terrible and infernal craving that any one out of hell can imagine. It is not because I want to drink. I do not want to drink. *It is because I want to feel drunk.* I am miserable and gloomy without knowing why, everything seems going wrong. I shudder at times, shed tears, and fight against this longing—oh, this terrible, this horrible desire to get drunk!”

I for one claim no honor for not being a drunkard. I have no desire for the stuff. Beer is bitter and disagreeable to my taste, and whiskey burns in my throat like a dose of mixed pepper. But I am aware of the fact that to some these are very agreeable. The open saloon door with its strong smell of beer and ale is to me repulsive, but to another it is seductive. I cannot help but sympathize with such. One of my acquaintances who had reformed, said in later years, “Often when I passed the saloon door—after I had resolved to drink no more—the temptation at the smell of beer would be so powerful that I actually ran past the door that I might not turn in.”

John G. Woolley, after living a sober and saved life for ten years, spoke of his temptations: “Even

* *Prov.* 23 : 26, 29—32.

yet it happens after wearing, homesick days, that the sweet night seems thick with treachery, and again and again I start from troubled sleep, tasting alcohol as plainly as ever in the old sad days, and with the old panther-leap of alcohol in my brain and its old blasphemy upon my lips. And sometimes when my own rest was free from any tinge of shame or sorrow, I have heard my wife cry out in the night, and then to my questioning she replied, 'It was only a dream, I thought I smelled the drink again.' So even in our sleep, the whip-lash of the saloon 'lays upon' me and mine."*

The question naturally presents itself time and again, "Is there no remedy, is there no balm in Gilead"? Yes, but before I speak of the way out of the horrible pit—the American saloon—I wish to forewarn. There are so many who, when once in it, never care to get out—they want to be let alone—that the only safe course is to

"TOUCH NOT, TASTE NOT, HANDLE NOT."

Some of the best men and women of our land never touch nor taste drink—some because their conscience has been so trained, some because they have been convinced of its ruinous effect upon the body and soul, some because of its effect upon one's business career, some because of its effect in the social scale. Said the wife of ex-president Hayes, in explaining why she permitted no liquor at the receptions at the White House: "I

* *Ram's Horn*, Vol. 8, No. 39.

PITFALLS AND SAFEGUARDS.

have young sons who have never tasted liquor; they shall not receive from my hand, or with the sanction that its use in our family would give, their first taste of what might prove their ruin. What I wish for my own sons I must do for the sons of other mothers."

It is not only our privilege to abstain, but our duty whenever possible to keep temptations out of reach of others. Observation has convinced me that the great majority of drunkards come out of homes where the "moderate drinking idea" is advocated. This is true of every drunkard in our vicinity. Several ministers of our state who advocate the moderate drink idea, with sorrow must see their teaching bear fruit in a drunkard son of the family. As well teach moderate lying as moderate drinking, and expect good results.

Wm. M. Thayer once put the following question to seventy reformed drunkards at the Washingtonian Home: "When did you begin to form the drink habit, and by the use of what beverage?" To which all but one replied, "In boyhood, by the use of cider and beer."* I am glad that in many states of the Union, the law demands that the effect of narcotics and alcohol upon the system be taught in the public schools. Let ministers, teachers, physicians, and parents unite in educating the conscience of the coming generations to the fact that alcohol in all its forms is a mocker and a treacherous soul-slayer and body-destroyer, and that it should be shunned as poison, and the American saloon will receive the hardest set-back

* *Oracles of the Age*, p. 285.

it has ever experienced. The way will be sufficiently cleared by that time to make a successful effort in closing it.

Mr. Trumbull in speaking of the effect of early training upon the mind and character of a people says, "Orientals are taught from infancy that lying to an enemy, or when anything can be made by lying, is a duty; and they try to attend to *that* duty. American Indians are taught that a man's character is best rated by the scalps he can show, so they risk their lives for scalps. The Dyaks of Borneo are taught that skulls are worthier trophies than scalps, and they 'hunt heads' accordingly. Our fathers were taught that slavery was a divine institution, and that rum was to be swallowed gratefully as a 'gift of God'! And they lived up to those teachings."* We have surely as a nation been half drunk long enough! Why not teach and preach a doctrine that will produce sober and honorable results?

BUT WHAT OF THE DRUNKARD?

Is there no hope that he may recover manhood again? Yes, if he will, and wills in the right way and at the right time. Let me illustrate: There is a man lying with his head on the rails of a railway track; his body is stretched out between the rails. You come to him and say, "Mr., you are in great danger of being run over, come away." He responds, "This is a free country, I know I can get away if I want to; what business have you to come here and disturb my nap? Don't you think I know I

* *Two Northfield Sermons*, p. 18.

am on the track and that trains pass over this road? I know that quite as well as you do and will go away when I get ready." The man leaves him; he lies there a while longer; the fast train is due—he hears and sees her approach, but—but—and he is run over and horribly mangled. In one sense that man might have been saved, had he acted at once when warned; but in another sense he was more of a slave than he had any idea—his *will power* was a slave to indifference and recklessness. The only way a drunkard can be saved is to respond at once to the call of Him who is "mighty to save!" Several years ago a trainload of delegates on their way from Chicago to Pittsburg stopped at Crestline "twenty minutes for dinner." One of the number noticed many poor, red-eyed, bloated, aimless fellows come out of the saloons near by. His heart was moved with compassion for his lost brother-man. He called for the silver tongued orator to come and address these men; but he could not be found. He looked about and noticed one who had the gift of song, and asked him to sing. He stepped out on the rear platform, and as he lifted his voice to sing the beautiful words, "Throw out the life line across the dark wave," there gathered about him a great crowd of eager listeners. Did you ever notice that as a rule drunkards love music? They often have a kind, tender, and most sympathetic heart when sober. Among those who came out to drink in the song was one John Newton. He leaned against the side of the building and in deep meditation listened to the soul-stirring sentences one after another as

they dropped from the lips of the singer. "See he is sinking, oh hasten to-day," went like a God-send to his heart and started a tear down his bloated face. "Out where the dark waters flow," forced another conviction. The conductor cried out as he stepped on board the cars, "All aboard!" and the train began to move off slowly, but the refrain, "Throw out the life line," fell like a burning coal upon John's shattered frame, and as from the distance the words, "Some one is sinking to-day" could be heard as a whisper, John's mind echoed and re-echoed the thought, "That is me, that is poor me." He made his way to the city park and sat down on a rustic seat. He had been a hard drinker, but says he, "Why can I not be saved, why not now?" and with a prayer he buried his face in his hands and cried to God bitterly. He found relief. He thought of work, of a poor mother that needed his support and instead she had been supporting him. Being a printer by trade he went to the foreman of a printing office and asked for work. The foreman knew John—he had worked there before—and said, "John, I need a hand, but you know I cannot hire you. The very time I need you most, you will be off on a spree again." It was a hard blow for John to face, but he had asked for grace sufficient and he received it. Said he, "No, not that way. I have turned over a new leaf and mean to live a sober life." "Are you in earnest?" "Yes." "Then take off your coat and get to work."

That evening John did not know how to break the news to his mother. After supper which con-

sisted of bread and coffee, and a few potatoes, he tried to read and talk, but he could not; at last he said, "Mother, you need not go to bed hungry any more." His mother, who was wiping dishes, did not understand him, and inquired, "What?" "You need never go to bed hungry again. God helping me, I gave my heart up to Him to-day, and mean to lead a sober life, and provide for you." Just then the dish that she was wiping fell to the floor and broke—the tears found their way down over her care-worn face as she replied, "I want it to be true, John." On that day John exchanged the saloon for the church, beer for bread, billiards for clothes, rum for a home, sorrow for joy, and death for life.







Is not the life more than meat, and the body than raiment?—*Jesus Christ.*

Rich clothes are really a sign of mental poverty.—*J. G. Holland.*

There is something truly awful in the helplessness of the human race in the presence of this mysterious power. The worst foods, the worst drinks, the worst dress, the worst possible habits are adopted if only they are in fashion.—*Dio Lewis.*

The oldest associations connected with dress are those of sin and shame. Sin was its beginning, as it is often still its end. It dates from the fall of our first parents, and has led to that of many of their children; and surely there is nothing, either in its root or its fruits, to justify us setting our affections on it, or giving it any measure of attention beyond what propriety demands, or comfort and health require.—*Thomas Guthrie.*



CHAPTER IX.

FASHION.

Man is largely a creature of circumstances. Had Alexander H. Stephens been born at Boston, Massachusetts, and Wendell Phillips at Crawfordsville, Georgia, we would know Stephens as the champion abolitionist and Phillips as a conspicuous character in the organization of the Confederacy. Public opinion has much to do in forming convictions, and tastes. We call a thing right or wrong because our fathers called the same things right or wrong. We think a fashion all right not because it may be so, but because we have been brought up that way.

The great evil of fashion lies in the fact that the mind is enslaved by the desire to appear like others, whether the thing be right or wrong. Boys see great politicians smoke. So they get the idea into their heads that if they can hold a cigar nicely between the two forefingers, lift it to the mouth gracefully, make the blue smoke curl through the air, and season their "whiffs with impertinent jokes," they are doing something great! Respectable men are seen entering the saloon. They speak of gay times, and of the grand effects of a stimulant. The boys listen, and although sensible people have pointed out the danger, and the minister exposed the folly of

living to this world's pleasure, they heed it not—"for they love the praise of men more than the praise of God"—they "love darkness rather than light." Better knowledge staggers at the powerful appeals of fashion.

Fashion as seen in the

DISPLAY OF DRESS

is an evil so great that only here and there may be heard a lone voice—a John the Baptist or a Jeremiah—crying against it. In this case it is more powerful than public opinion, than common sense, better judgment, or the Word. J. G. Holland, in discussing this point, argues: "Fashion is not public opinion, or the result or embodiment of public opinion. It may be that public opinion will condemn the shape of a bonnet, as it may venture to do always, with the certainty of being right nine times in ten, but fashion will place it upon the head of every woman in America, and, were it literally a crown of thorns, she would smile contentedly beneath the imposition. Nay, fashion and public opinion, in all matters of form, are very often at variance; yet fashion is now, and always has been, stronger than public opinion."*

So mighty is the regard for fashion, that were all the preachers and reformers in Christendom to unite their voice against some popular vice, introduced by the leaders of fashion, they could probably count their converts on their fingers; but on the other hand let the goddess of fashion at Paris lift her voice and declare it "out

* *Plain Talks*, p. 139.

of date" and millions obey in the twinkling of an eye. "The highest lady," continues Holland, "has but to change the position of a ribbon to set all the ribbons in Christendom to rustling. A single word from her convulses the whalebone markets of the world, and sends a thrill to the most frigid zone—alike of world and woman. The mustaches of the world used to wax as the Emperor's waxed, and wane as the Emperor's waned. Coat collars rise and fall, hats expand and contract their brims, waistcoats change from black to white, and white to black, gloves blush and turn pale, in response to the monthly reports from Paris.... Fashion is the self-ordained queen over subjects who bow to her, not only with no question as to her authority, but with joyful, unmeasured devotion of time and treasure. She holds in her hands the key of social destiny. She blesses, and men and women smile; she bans, and they weep. The place where she stands becomes henceforth holy ground. That which she embraces is sacred; that which she shuns is profane."*

I know of no slave living in the latter part of the nineteenth century so mercilessly treated as is the slave of fashion. Women are driven to despair, men are financially ruined, children are denied an honorable birth. It is awful to think of, but the truth of the matter is, there are more infants slain because of the demands of fashion in the civilized world, than the

* *Plain Talks*, p. 140, 141.

sacrifices in the worship of idolatry in the heathen world.

A merchant's wife, in one of our large cities, was allowed eight thousand dollars a year for her wardrobe; but one day she came to him and demanded several thousand dollars more with the remark, "I cannot keep up with the demands of society with what I have." He replied, "But, Hettie, I will go under; I am already overtaxed and embarrassed financially. I don't see how I can." "Then I will go my way and you can go yours," she responded. The tie that binds to fashion may be more sacred than the tie that binds to husband.

In a city in the Hoosier State a society woman, the wife of a grocer, wanted a hundred-dollar dress for a certain occasion in which she wished to shine. The husband said, "I have not the money; remember my income above rent is only about forty dollars per month." "But I must have it," said she, and added, "if you will not get it for me, I will go to Chicago and *get one there*." She did go to Chicago, remained away about four weeks, and came home with her dress, took her place in society, in the family, and in the church. The tie that bound to *fashion* in this case was stronger than the tie that bound to *virtue*.

Josiah W. Leeds of Philadelphia, in an essay on *Simplicity of Attire* as related to the *Promotion of Social Purity*, drops the remark, "I have not forgotten what was said to me some years ago by a friend who had just returned from the city of Washington, when, in referring to the frivolity

and the licentiousness prevailing there, he repeated the remark of a high official that it was not in most cases mere 'badness' that led so many young women astray, it was the craving to be richly and fashionably dressed, to gratify their love of adornment and display, to shine above others."

I have often wondered if women—sensible women—are really conscious of

THE KIND OF IMPRESSIONS

they may leave on the minds of men—especially young men—by their manner of dress and conduct. I remember several years ago when approaching Kansas City from the West, how several young men in the rear of the car "read" one of the girls who had boarded the train at Emporia. She wore a flashy dress and a large flowered red hat, but seemed to be perfectly innocent. The boys, however, saw some game there that solicited their minds into what Mr. Holland would call the "vices of the imagination," and, from what they said, I learned that in "Kansas City" they expected to make her acquaintance. The poor country girl might have avoided a great deal of speculation to her back and probably coarse trouble to her face if she had learned to dress modestly. I could without much difficulty multiply illustrations bearing on this point, and back up my arguments with some of the ablest proof from the ranks of the ministry. It is the duty of every woman that loves virtue and purity to protect herself and her daughters from the

temptations to which a "full dress" and gaudy apparel expose her. Talk about a woman not being safe on the street after dark unaccompanied! Much of that fear need not be, if she dress modestly as becometh a woman professing godliness. Salvation Army girls are safe anywhere, so is any woman that knows how to avoid all appearances of evil. The uncouth dress of the heathen as seen in pictures arouses our sympathy. We pity them for their poverty and their ignorance and their lack of modesty, but when we read of the "full dress" of our fashionable society that well nigh matches heathen custom we know not what to say, we know not what to do—it is too much. A floor correspondent from Washington to the *Independent** says, "It may be laid down as a dictum of modern fashion that no dressmaker can succeed in fitting the arms and the neck so completely as nature herself. There is no fit so perfect as a skin fit. You call it 'full dress;' half dress would be better. It is an essential compromise between the free unconventional fashion of Eden and the extreme artificial form of Oriental modesty which forbids a woman to show her face. The members of the Turkish Legation might have said, 'This is not Oriental,' but they could not deny that it was Edenic. Outside the thermometer was twenty degrees below the freezing point, but in the grand salon of the White House the costumes suggested a tropical clime."

The *Union Signal*, editorially, gives some valuable counsel to "Country Girls." It says, "A pink-

* Vol. 51, p. 202.

cheeked girl who has always worn calico and sun-bonnets in her country home, makes up her mind to accept an offered situation in the city, and straightway the calico is dropped, and on comes the flashy suit and the cheap jewelry. . . . The hand of Providence may interpose between her and her fate; but the moment a girl gives way to an inordinate love of display in dress she is on the main track to ruin. Never be ashamed to adhere to your principles. If you have been brought up to believe that old-fashioned truth, and modesty, and loyalty to God and friendship are worth adhering to, do not be turned from such faith by the laughter of fools. Be quiet in dress, remembering that, although the peacock wears fine feathers, it is not a favorite bird."

The folly of aping after the fashion may be seen also in this that many young men and women despair of assuming family duties. They cannot set up a "fashionable home," so they will have none at all. High notions and limited means have brought sadness to many a one. Children want to begin where their parents leave off, and the facts are they are not worthy of such promotion. Extravagance and a desire for luxury forever disqualify some for usefulness and the duties that marriage brings with it.

Says Dr. Gladden, "The young man makes up his mind that a wife is a luxury too expensive for him to afford, and the young woman resolves that she will not marry unless there is money enough in the proffered had to support her in good style. Thus the young woman grows mercenary and

frivolous, and the man dissolute and rakish. Every year that passes makes it less probable that they will ever enter into the family relations, and still less probable that, if they do, this relation will be a happy one.”*

More than this, fashion is one of the greatest

ENEMIES TO GOOD HEALTH.

The ears, nose, lips, feet, and waists of the “weaker sex” have suffered untold torment and deformity because of its demands upon these parts. The Australian’s nose-bone, the African’s lip-weights, the Indian’s ear-rings, the Chinaman’s foot-gear, and the American’s waist-compressor leave their various shaped deformities upon the body, all of which to a greater or less degree affect the health of the wearer. Over 300,000,000 “of intelligent people believe in small feet,” and probably more than that believe in small waists.

So much has our taste been corrupted that Dio Lewis says, “It is somewhat difficult to find any one among us who can see beauty in a natural female form. But when fashion returns to classical or natural form, the wasp waist will be hideous.”†

I shall not take the pains to go into details concerning the physical evils resulting from the fashionable tobacco and cigarette habit. Science, reason, and some of the ablest authority in the medical profession testify as to its destructive and poisoning qualities. The stomach, too, has suf-

* *Working People and their Employers*, p. 96.

† *Our Girls*, p. 116.

ferred untold disorder from being overloaded at *great dinners* made up of articles too numerous to mention.

A co-laborer in the ministry informs me that at one Sunday dinner in Pennsylvania to which several strangers had been invited after services, he counted twenty-nine articles of diet. In a community where it is the custom to feast on certain occasions, no one wants to break the custom. The force of habit and the bonds of fashion are not easily broken. A corrupted taste gives the stomach any amount of trouble and sets on end the entire nervous system. Not only is the health affected, but much precious time wasted and means squandered that should have been put to better use.

FASHIONS AND FASHIONS.

There are fashionable dwellings, fashionable hotels, fashionable watering places, fashionable cities, fashionable streets, fashionable sides of streets, fashionable stores, fashionable dry goods, fashionable saloons, fashionable theaters, fashionable ball rooms, fashionable colleges, fashionable churches, and fashionable preachers! Is it any wonder that while the saloon enslaves its thousands, fashion enslaves its millions?

There is a word in Paul's letter to the Corinthians that is strikingly descriptive of a modern custom. I refer to "effeminate" in 1 Cor. 6:10, mentioned in the list of such as shall not enter the kingdom of God. The primary meaning, no doubt, has reference to one who has been weakened through some form or other of the social

sin—but that is not all it means. The first definition, according to Webster, is, “Having the qualities of the female sex,” and the application of that definition quite clearly refers to the womanish qualities. For instance, there are men and boys who change their ties, collars, cuffs, vests, hats, and shoes every few days and sometimes several times a day, and spend quite as much time before the glass surveying their “beauty” as do some of the most frivolous feminines. Such may very properly be called “womanish men”—unmanly. They shine in society as ‘dudes’ and in the kingdom of darkness as effeminate. How contemptible to see a man display in dry goods, and in the freaks of fashion! Such a thing may be expected and in some sense tolerated in the world’s weaker sex, but never did God intend that man should content himself with such display. Every sensible woman despises a man that looks and acts womanish. She wants to see the man, not the woman in man. He is to possess principle and display it in his conduct. He must possess stability, modesty, taste, a great heart and soul power—a character that is not changed and unsettled by every breeze of fashion that sweeps across the land. A man in the full sense of what the term implies adopts some sensible, comfortable, neat, plain style of dress and ever after lets fashion come and go. He has a man’s work to look after—a vocation to which he devotes all his life energies, and endeavors to make life a success.

A MANNISH WOMAN

meets God’s disfavor in a similar sense. The

Mosaic law forbids "women to dress like men," and nature confirms the principle. "Women's rights" advocates have exploded their own theories by their unwittingly applying them. A crop of masculine women has been developed that do more against the movement than any other force might have been able to accomplish—women who want to do the work of a man (except hard work), talk like a man, act like a man, dress like a man, look like a man. In fact it is often impossible to know on passing parties on the street, driving, whether the man is a woman or the woman a man or both.

I believe in women, I believe in their rights, I believe in their magnetism, I believe in their power for good, I believe in their superiority over men as women, but I believe also in the superiority of man over woman as a man. Each in their capacity is superior to the other. One is the complement of the other. "Let each esteem the other better than themselves," but in so doing let neither one try to be the other. Be what you are, and let the world know that you are satisfied to be that. If men wear certain styles of collars, ties, and cuffs, and starched shirt bosoms, vests, clipped hair, and no beards, and you see a chance of appearing like them, be not overcome with the temptation. They may tolerate the innovation and treat it as they do any other fashion, that comes and goes, with silent contempt; but you gain nothing with man and less with God.

Man desires to see woman—the feminine—in all her ways, and in her appearance. A modest,

chaste, loving disposition on your part is worth much more to man than a bold, daring, [mannish disposition. America needs better homes and more of them, and any trade, or position, or calling that disqualifies a woman for domestic happiness and usefulness is a curse to the woman that enters it.

Fashion may build "club houses," "stag hotels," and "boarding houses;" but know this that every institution that undermines the home, and discourages wedlock, is paving the way for your ruin. The factory and the shop may employ your service, it may be fashionable to despise domestic work in your town, the country girl may look with a jealous eye at her favored cousin in the city, and all that, but the end means domestic paralysis and moral decay.

Master minds and master spirits have always kept aloof from the follies and power of evils introduced by fashion. Modesty and simplicity are

CHARACTERISTIC OF TRUE GREATNESS.

Our Lord and Savior is a perfect example; John the Baptist, who was extremely modest and plain in both dress and diet, is pronounced greatest by the highest authority. John Kitto, one of the most renowned biblical scholars, wrote in his journal: "I must remember my humble origin, and never forget that some unexpected circumstance may again consign me to that poverty and wretchedness from which I have emerged." He adopted the most simple habits of life. Wendell Phillips was noted for simplicity of diction and manners

on the platform, though noted as "the silver-tongued orator." "His earnestness was not more conspicuous than his artlessness." Addison truly says, "A just and reasonable modesty does not only recommend eloquence, but sets off every great talent which a man may be possessed of. It heightens all the virtues which it accompanies; like the shades in paintings it raises and rounds every figure and makes the colors more beautiful, though not so glaring as they would be without it."*

I have noticed the portraits of great men—men who did the world good, men of every profession—and all seem to be adorned with the rare gifts of modesty and simplicity.

There is nothing of a flashy or showy disposition to them. Their manner of dress, as well as their habit of wearing the hair, is noted for taste and modesty. Look for yourself at the portrait of Lincoln, Gladstone, Webster, Choate, Whittier, Oliver Holmes, George Peabody, Geo. W. Childs, Prof. Agassiz, Horace Mann, John Bright, Thomas A. Edison, Dr. Benj. Rush, Raphael, Spurgeon, Finney, Bish. Brooks, and a host of others, whose names might be mentioned. The same fact holds good with regard to women.

Dr. Guthrie, Scotland's great preacher, argues the point under discussion in this way, "I have seen a child in ignorance of its great loss totter across the floor to its mother's coffin, and, caught by their glitter, seize the handles, to look round

* *Oracles of the Age*, p. 310.

and smile as it rattled them on the hollow sides. I have seen a boy, forgetting his sorrow in his dress, survey himself with evident satisfaction as he followed the bier that bore his father to the grave. And however painful such spectacles, as jarring our feelings and out of all harmony with such sad, somber scenes, they excite no surprise nor indignation. We only pity those who, through ignorance of their loss or inability to appreciate it, find pleasure in what should move their grief." And continues the argument, "The pride of dress, however, though excusable in those tribes who walk their forests daubed with paint and decked with feathers, is a passion in all other cases as strange as in some cases it is strong. Can a maid, says God, forget her ornaments, or a bride her attire? Yet, though this be an example of what is improbable, or indeed impossible, we might wonder that woman's attire, though sparkling with costly gems, does not cover her cheeks rather with the blush of shame than the glow of pride. The history of dress is humiliating not flattering to our vanity."*

BUT WHO ARE THE GUILTY?

It is always some one else. Not one out of a thousand claims to be the servant of fashion and especially the victim of ill health. They may recite the old proverb, "I would sooner be out of the world than out of fashion" and literally fulfill its low and mean sentiment, but confess its evil effect upon themselves—never! Prof. Dio Lewis de-

* *Speaking to the Heart*, p. 385.

clares that in forty years of his professional experience with the victims of corsets, he cannot recall a single confession of tight-lacing even from those who had reduced their waist from ten to fifteen inches. He speaks of one lady whose waist had been reduced more than eight inches who declared that she had heard about this lacing all her life, but had never seen it. And he concludes, "One can write freely on the subject with no fear of hurting the feelings of lacing women, for not one of them will imagine herself guilty; and one can speak as disparagingly as he pleases of diminutive figures, for the smallest woman regards herself as 'perfectly immense.'""*

The same thing may be said of the victims of any fashion. I do not quote Dio Lewis on lacing because I consider that the great evil, but largely to demonstrate the fact that the fashion servants are deaf and blind and dead to their physical and more often mental and spiritual condition. There is no organ in the human body that is not in some form or other solicited by the treacherous power. The feet, the hands, the waist, the heart, the lungs, the stomach, the liver, the kidneys, the eye, the ear, the nose, the head, the brain, yes the soul itself is often sifted as wheat and tossed as chaff before the mighty whirlwind, having its origin in a place conceived to be somewhere beneath us, fanned by the enticements of whoredom, ever sweeping on its wild fanaticism, crossing oceans, climbing mountains, over-running prairies, sweeping its victims by the millions in

* *Our Girls*, p. 87.

every nation, among all people, of all religions under the sun, ever forcing them into the unfriendly quarters of a doomed eternity!

Reason and fashion are continually on the war-path, and there shall be war so long as fashion continues her wholesale work of ruin and shame! We ought not to be intoxicated with her plausible argument—"It don't matter"—nor chloroformed by her popular drug—"It is the style"—any longer. We ought not permit her to lay her hand upon son and daughter and mercilessly, without resistance on our part, dash them to pieces on the rocks of ignorance and superstition; we ought not permit her charming "winks" of seduction to betray our dear ones into physical bondage and spiritual death any more.





For this cause shall a man leave father and mother, and shall cleave to his wife: and they twain shall be one flesh.—*Christ Our Lord.*

Only he who will look onward and afar, and keep the family fire, or the opportunity to kindle it, bright, is likely to keep out of the pits of perdition.—*Joseph Cook.*

It is wonderful, this falling in love. A man is going soberly along the path of life, with no particular interest in any one, when suddenly a face, a figure, a voice crosses his path, and straightway his heart is gone. His ideals are realized, his dreams have taken shape. And from that moment, with that wonderful idealizing faculty, he imputes to that young girl all that the poet in him can imagine or the artist in him can depict. "I don't see anything in the girl," a companion says. But he, poor, purblind mortal, might as well expect to see what Turner saw in a sunset.—*Meyer.*



CHAPTER X.

FALLING IN LOVE.

There is a beautiful story in the Apocrypha told by Esdras, of King Darius and three of his body guards. The young men one day agreed that each was to write a sentence and lay it in a sealed envelope before the king, and that he and three Persian princes were to judge which was the wisest sentence, and that the writer of the sentence should be rewarded with great gifts from King Darius, to sit next to him, and to be called his cousin "because of his wisdom." The proposition pleased the king, so each wrote his sentence. The first wrote, "Wine is the strongest;" the second wrote, "The king is the strongest;" and the third wrote, "Women are strongest, but above all things truth beareth away the victory."

When the sentences were read to the king he demanded that each writer explain his sentence, which they did. The first one gave a splendid oration on temperance, the second eulogized the powers of the king, but the third outdid the other two on the first round, and completely scored them in the second division of his sentence, and proudly carried off the prize. Among the things he said were, "Yea, many there be that have run out of their wits for women, and become servants for their sakes. Many also have perished, have erred

and sinned, for women. And now do ye not believe me? Is not the king great in his power? Do not all regions fear to touch him? Yet did I see him and Apame the king's concubine, the daughter of the admirable Bartacus, sitting at the right hand of the king, and taking the crown from the king's head, and setting it upon her own head, she also struck the king with her left hand, and yet for all this the king gaped and gazed upon her with open mouth: if she laughed upon him, he laughed also; but if she took any displeasure at him, the king was fain to flatter, that she might be reconciled to him again."

The young man touched a delicate, yet a very practical truth at the proper time—a subject to which we must devote some time and space.

Love is indeed "a torment of the mind, a tempest everlasting." The strongest minds have been overbalanced by its charms, the bravest hearts have been conquered by its power. Love lends one of the grandest experiences the soul is capable of enjoying, and love on the other hand may lead into one of the most powerful temptations a man or woman is ever called upon to resist.

The human heart is

A VERY QUEER THING,

on the whole, I could not expect to be able to solve the problem of love satisfactorily to everybody. A heart in love is a very hard thing to reason with, and a very much harder thing to correct. Yet there are some things that may be said that will be of service to such as have not

been blinded by the "passion that contemns reason." To such I direct these words in particular.

There may be much truth in the proverbs, "Love is blind" and "Marriage is a lottery," but the fault is largely due to the fact that men will have it so. Granted that a man or woman loves really only once, that does not prove the theory that love cannot be evaded—that the destiny of fate overrules reason and man's free will in the matter of making a proper beginning. The great trouble is, people "fall in love" before they have considered where the "fall" lands them. The "falling in love" process and the probabilities of being capable of "loving only once" serve a good purpose if all the circumstances leading up to such a crisis are favorable. But to hold to the idea that there is only "one" person "in all the world for me," and if that one cannot be wooed, love and life is a failure, is an idea as absurd as it is unjust. Mr. Wells thinks it is "the greatest mistake in the world to suppose that love is not subject to control."

Of course, we love to speak of it in just that way, it sounds so poetical, so ideal; but I wish to be distinctly understood that man and woman are capable of loving and that the taste for

LOVE MAY BE CULTIVATED

and directed as well as the taste for anything else. If reason, and judgment, and prayer have been set to work with a keen sense of what ought and what ought not to figure in the make-up of a true helpmeet before love begins her work of compromising and winning favors, there would be less risk before, and more happiness after, marriage.

Then there are those who have an idea that love ought to monopolize all other interests in life if it is genuine. Who has not seen some sickening sights in love-making? There is no excuse for any to lose their heads when they give away their hearts. Keep love on its dignity—a heavenly gift to be used and not abused. Let there be a supreme affection when the time comes, but that even “doth not behave itself unseemly.”

Prof. Currier of Oberlin, in speaking of a supreme affection, related to the class in homiletics the following, (I give it from memory): A young man was desirous of winning the whole heart of a lady friend, and one day to make sure asked her if she could entrust to him “all her love.” She looked at him, smiling at his queer proposal, and said as she picked a ripe chestnut-burr and began to open it: “No, not exactly. Look here at this burr; my love is like that. When I open it you see there are several chestnuts in it, one is larger than any of the others, and so with my whole heart and love, I will give you the larger share, but must retain some for friends, some for relatives.” The young man was somewhat disappointed, but went his way a wiser and more sensible man.

I do not place much confidence in that whole-hearted puppy love school boys and girls talk of and on account of which they too often fail on examination day. School boys and girls are really not sufficiently developed in body and mind to fully understand and grasp the full meaning of love. I have often been astonished to see how

parents often give way to their children when one of these baby love spells strikes them. There should be some wholesome instruction given about that time. The girl may go off to herself and take a good cry, and the boy may take to pouting; but in years to come they will rise up and call father and mother blessed for interfering, and for substituting and enforcing their ripe judgment to take the place of the first love spell of a silly daughter and a foolish boy.

Every true and happy love chase has had its beginning in

SOME ACT OF KINDNESS.

There was something that arrested the attention of one or both parties to the other which under proper stimulants leads two lives into a happy union. Emerson says, "From exchanging glances they advance to acts of courtesy, of gallantry, then to fiery passion, to plighting troth, and marriage."

The events in the life of Jacob and Rachel that led to an engagement, briefly stated, are: Jacob sees Rachel come to the well to water her father's flock; he had been told who she was, but he was a stranger to her. The stone on the top of the well is large—she cannot remove it. Jacob politely lifts the stone from the well and assists her in watering the flock; there was an act of kindness—it arrested attention, awakened love, gave excuse for an engagement, and resulted in marriage fourteen years later, and the days seemed but *few*—for he had fallen in love.

Near Goshen, Indiana, there was wrecked a passenger train several years ago. Among those injured was a bright young lady who was traveling with her father. A young man saw the father and daughter in need of help and offered his service, brought water, and did what he could to relieve pain. An acquaintance was formed, an excuse for calling, love, engagement, marriage; and, of course, these will argue that Providence brought them together.

Everybody has some good qualities—some more, some less—and if, by some act of kindness, attention is gained, these will be studied, appreciated, loved, and the result may be marriage between marriageable parties.

But there are

CERTAIN FIXED RESTRICTIONS

that offset the mind from entertaining any thought of conjugal love, even in case kindness and affection are shown. For instance, the mind will not for a moment entertain thoughts of love in case of a near relative. The idea would be repulsive. A fixed principle, rooted in nature, and cultivated by home training and religious instructions, has made such a state possible.

What is needed in our day, when loose marriages are so common and divorces so numerous, is the coveting of a conscientious regard for the highest ideals of the wedded state, and the forming of convictions not to consider any one who does not possess the fundamental principles of a true helpmeet, and, in the words of Mr. Wells, "*there should be no 'falling in love' except with suitable persons.*"

There are times in the history of most individuals that the problem of love cannot be safely considered. I trace a great majority of unhappy marriages to this very fact. For want of a better term I call it an *abnormal condition*. Disappointment of some kind or other may have brought it on. The person under the spell broods over life, its trials and disappointments, and brings on a lonesome and forlorn mood. The idea that "I have no one to love me and none to caress," has driven many a one into despair, and not a few to suicide. Mothers should be careful to help their daughters should they ever fall victims to such a mood. Often parties have been approached when in this condition by one much their inferior, but one who showed a loving disposition, and a sympathetic heart, and took captive a prize that he could never have gained under any other condition. The belle of society may have surprised the whole neighborhood by marrying a homely, everyday sort of a fellow. "What is the matter with her?" the people ask. "Why she has refused some of our brightest boys, and now, she puts up with him." The secret is: she fell a victim to an abnormal condition of mind, underestimated her value, lost confidence in herself, craved "true affection" and a warm heart in time of trouble, and he, having nothing to lose, boldly made advancements, where a nobler heart would have faltered, and won the day.

It may be said right in connection with this that some worthy young men really underestimate their chances of marriage. You may be busily en-

gaged preparing yourself for life's calling; cannot give so much attention to society as you would like, and that "other party" finds time to escort the girls on every turn and seems to be, on that account, held in much higher esteem by the fairer sex; you about conclude your chances scarce. But *life* is not show, and woman at *heart* is not what she seems to be on the surface. She may enjoy that "other party," in company, but she prefers a stronger arm to lean upon when it comes to choosing for life. Remember, my young man, "infinitely meaner young men, than you are, have won infinitely better girls than you ever expected to win."

The thought sometimes arises in young minds "Will love never wane?" and "Is there no one to be trusted?" There is *a* love and there is *the* love—a love *physical* and a love *supreme*. No wonder so many fail to realize their expectations in wedlock when so many fail to get beyond love *physical*. Lust is not love. We all admire personal charms, beauty, and regular build, and we should, but that is not all to be desired. "Covet earnestly the best of gifts," says Paul, "and yet I show you a more excellent way." The soul qualities are the foundation of a happy union, while physical love may be compared to the main building. If the love is physical only, the union has no foundation and is sure to wane with the "honey-moon." But where there is a deep admiration and love for character and real soul qualities the union is founded upon "a rock." There should be a real love, not only for the person, but for his or her

work as well. Two cannot always speak love and ideals; real problems, real difficulties are sure to arise, and if the one finds a ready counselor and warm friend in the other, one who not only sympathizes but actually lends a helping hand, there will be new love kindled, new occasions presented for which to praise God and live happy.

For this reason two "should meet, as nearly as possible, on the same plane of social position and mental status." "Kings and milkmaids," continues Mr. Wells, "form blissful alliances only in the musical measures of old time ballads, and it is in the same records alone that beggars marry princesses, and fair faces atone for the absence of brain, position, and common sense! Very few people are happy who marry either much above or much below their station in life."*

A great deal of disappointment results from deceit in match-making which causes Josh Billings to say, "Do courting strictly on the square." There seems to be kind of a general agreement in the public mind that it is all right to take advantages in matrimonial affairs. A great many things are kept secret, that ought to be frankly and fairly discussed. "A man never means to be mean, but he feels mean."† A person who has deceived never feels good over it, and the one who has been deceived seldom places implicit confidence in his companion afterwards.

LOVE NEVER WANES.

A few days ago a great-grandfather ninety years old called and during the course of our con-

* *Wedlock*, p. 49. † *Joseph Cook*.

versation he grasped an opportunity to speak of his loved one with whom he had lived happily over half a century. His eyes sparkled, and his countenance lit up and the "old man" grew eloquent, as he smilingly rehearsed the old, old story of love.

Even one who has been disappointed in love is happier than one who has never loved at all. Misfortune may have interfered and separated two hearts that would otherwise have been one, but they are not separated, they spend hours in true affection and heart joys, that would otherwise have been spent in melancholy and loneliness. "I dare not assert that a single life is desolate if a supreme affection has been sent to it," says Joseph Cook. "Science has sometimes affirmed that a man to whom a supreme affection has been sent is married! Under the dying pillow of Washington Irving there were found a lock of hair and miniature. Who will say that he led a lonely life? It is taught by some that the whole physical form is changed by a supreme affection. If a mate is sent but taken hence, one is in Washington Irving's position, and never lonely. Such persons are married; and God is the maker of such marriages, and the breaker-up of them."*

A young widow who had buried a husband with whom she lived happily, and an only child of two years that seemed to be her only earthly treasure, when asked if she did not regret having been married, replied, "No; I do not. If I had to

* *Love and Marriage*, p. 130.

live my life over, and knew ahead that I should be separated the way I was after so short a time from husband and an only child, I would take the same steps I did; I would sooner have loved and been separated for life than never to have loved at all."

"Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come:
Love altars not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out e'en to the edge of doom,
If this be error and upon me proved,
I never writ and no man ever loved."

—*Shakespeare.*

NEVER TRIFLE WITH LOVE!

I know there are those who argue that a young man should sow his "wild oats," and that a girl should be allowed a "good time," that domestic duties will bring with them enough "cares." But, life is not a joke, sin is no child's play, soon to be forgotten and replaced by better things; affections once corrupted are seldom redeemed.

I hold flirting to be the first step to ruin in love matters. No young man has a right to engage a girl's attention and affections and play with them "just for fun," neither has a woman that right. Love is not to be won and cast off at will. That would be prostituting a most sacred blessing. "There is nothing," says F. B. Meyer, "more terrible in a woman's life than to discover that she has played make-believe so long that men treat her only as their play-thing and toy, and think that she is incapable of the true passion. 'I mean it this time,' the flirt says, by look and manner, 'I do not believe you' the answer is cast back,

whether by man to woman or woman to man. I have watched you narrowly, and can count up the hearts you have broken, the lives you have wrecked. You are a siren, whose bewitching music beguiles to death.

‘Nay but I am genuine this once.’

‘I do not believe you; I do not believe you, I dare not trust you. Aha! Aha!’”*

Herein lies a strong argument against the dancing girl, and, in fact, against amusements of all forms that encourage promiscuous love. Says, “a man of the world,” “While it is natural for young men to seek dancing girls for an evening’s entertainment, I know the sentiment is largely prevalent, even among men not Christians, that the dancing girl has lost some real subtle charm which depreciates her value as sweet-heart or wife.” Boys on the lookout for a good wife are scrupulously suspicious of the girl who has freely entertained other boys. Though they themselves may not be free from suspicion, they want a girl for a wife who is pure and virtuous—a sentiment that ought to be as scrupulously guarded on the part of girls, but often is not. Girls will forgive sins in a boy that they never think of forgiving in one of their own number. Girls, this ought not so to be. Why then allow your affections and charms to be held as common property when you know ahead that by so doing you forfeit your right and your chance of a true lover and devoted husband!

**Golden Rule*, Vol. 11, p. 548.

This flirting is an awful thing! "In my own case," says a poor girl who thought love must have its own way, "it resulted in an invitation to supper, then to street walks, to places of amusements. Little by little, with protestations of affection, the real purpose of the seducer was made known—broken to me in a way to rob it of its enormity and tinge it with the glamour of romance. I did not doubt the protestations of affection—I did not know men as I do now." Do not look for all the blame on the one side. Flirting is a business in which the silly and foolish of both sexes engage. Longfellow translated a poem from the German that graphically describes the girl flirt:

"I know a maiden fair to see,
Take care!
She can both false and friendly be,
Beware! Beware!
Trust her not,
She is fooling thee!

She has two eyes, so soft and brown,
Take care!
She gives a side-glance and looks down,
Beware! Beware!
Trust her not,
She is fooling thee!

She has a bosom as white as snow,
Take care!
She knows how much is best to show,
Beware! Beware!
Trust her not,
She is fooling thee!

She gives thee a garland woven fair,
Take care!

It is a fool's cap for thee to wear,
Beware! Beware!
Trust her not,
She is fooling thee!"

And here is another, entitled,

"ONE OF THE GIRLS OF THE PERIOD!

"She lies abed in the morning, until nearly the hour of
noon,
Then comes down snapping and snarling because she was
called so soon.
Her hair is still in the papers, her cheeks all daubed with
paint
Remains of her last night's blushes before she intended
to faint.

She dotes upon men misshaven, and men with the flowing
hair;
She's eloquent over mustaches, they give such a foreign
air;
She talks of Italian music, and falls in love with the
moon,
And if but a mouse should meet her, she sinks away in a
swoon.

Her feet are so very little, her hands are so very white,
Her jewels are so very heavy, and her head is so very
light.
Her color is made of cosmetics, though this she never
will own;
Her body is made mostly of cotton, her heart is made
wholly stone.

She falls in love with a fellow who swells with a foreign
air,
He marries her for her money—she marries him for his
hair;
One of the very best matches, both are well suited in life,
She's got a fool for a husband, and he's got a fool for a
wife!"

AN UNWORTHY YOUNG MAN.

I am sorry to say it, but young ladies believe me, there are some very "nice" young men always ready to court your attention simply some day to betray your affections.

Do not entertain the idea that anybody wearing trousers will answer the purpose of a man. Character lies hidden often, so deep, that the real substance cannot be discovered in a day, a week, or a month. Many young men are miserable make-shifts. Said a lady to me who had come out West, "We haven't a young man in our entire neighborhood worth picking up." In that case she was right; I knew the young men to be coarse, vulgar, profane, reckless, and consequently repulsive to true woman-kind. Dr. Brand, in speaking on this phase of life, remarks, "We sometimes wonder what ails certain outwardly moral young men that they do not lay hold of the gospel. Ah! the worst thing possible is the matter. A worm is at the root of the character. They have exposed their sensitive souls through 'eye gate' and 'ear gate' to polluting sights and sounds, and have become the victims of a tainted imagination. That is not all. The pollution of the mind is *contagious*. The minds of young men, in the church and out of it, are constantly coming in contact with each other. One corrupted imagination in a community of young people is a menace to the whole."*

But there are many worthy and noble young men and young women whose duty and privilege

* *Social Purity*, p. 16.

it is "to fall in love" and to set up a new home. The Creator has promised man, "Thy wife shall be a fruitful vine by the side of thine house; thy children like olive plants around thy table;" and every man has a sacred right to take Him at His word, and implore His guiding hand. Paradise itself could not satisfy the longing disposition of the human heart; and God has said once for all, "It is not good for man to be alone," and the heart of man re-echoes the solemn refrain.

"The heart, like a tendril accustomed to cling,
Let it grow where it will, cannot flourish alone;
But will lean to the nearest and loveliest thing
It can twine with itself and make closely its own."

THE QUESTION OF MARRIAGE

to the average young man and young woman is an important one. Some do not so consider it. They are satisfied to fall in love with the first one who occupies their every thought, make an engagement, get married—but ever after have occasion to brood over *what might have been*.

There are some questions that ought to be seriously considered by every marriageable party. I do not pretend to name them all, but I shall content myself in speaking of such as I know to have been the cause of untold sorrow and much disappointment. I have seen many a heart wounded because it was united to one that could remain with it only a few years. On the day the two were made one flesh, the one could already reasonably count the limit of days they could spend together. Weak lungs, or some other inherited disorder of body, explains itself. They who know-

ingly fall in love with such, and probably bring into the world several children who must be short-lived, are committing a grave mistake.

It frequently happens that two come together who live reasonably happy, but after all were not intended by nature to be united in marriage. They may have fallen in love too young, or one may have been much the superior.

Men who enter a professional life should be slow to "settle down." They ought to devote all their serious moments to preparation. A great many have not the means to support a wife and finish their course of study; such stand their best chances when once they have entered life's duty.

A professor in one of our colleges gave the following advice to his class: "Marry somebody when you are nobody and you get nobody; and if ever you get to be somebody, you will have nobody." Every one has a right to know what he or she may reasonably expect, and that cannot always be determined, when one has not really entered life.

The ancient Germans did not marry before their twenty-fifth year, and their stalwart strength as a race astonished Europe, and baffled the Cæsars.

Never get into a "feverish longing for marriage," and lose all respect for yourself. If you have been disappointed, do not "throw up the sponge," and make up your mind you will marry the first man that asks for your hand. There have been just such cases—parties that stood high in society have utterly cast themselves into a

doomed future by accepting a drunkard or a wretch. Bish. John F. Funk on one occasion remarked, that "if two get the marriage fever real bad, they will get married if they must walk through fire to get to the squire." A father's counsel, a mother's prayer, and the objection of friends are set aside as so many idle words. But some day the discovery will be made that honeymoon caresses never satisfy a craving stomach, instrumental music never does up the laundry, evening drives never pay the rent, fine clothes never turn out dollars, good looks have wings, and manners no abiding place in the home that shirks responsibility.

You need not wait for a large income before you dare contemplate marriage; but you ought to know where you can locate and how you may reasonably expect to provide for your own. We are living in an extravagant age. We are a wasteful people; many of the so-called necessities of life are really superfluities. If you have sufficient means to set up a neat, plain, happy home and you are so far along in love that you feel miserable apart, there is no excuse why you should not set the day. Says Dr. Cuyler, "Each of you has certain wants of food, raiment, shelter, and other necessities of life, and if you have good common sense those individual wants can be supplied just as cheaply together as if you lived apart. True love and a good conscience can be thoroughly happy in small rooms, and on cheap carpets, and over a frugal table. . . Children are the joy and crown of wedlock; and the married pair

who willfully—and wickedly—deprive themselves of them ‘on account of their expense’ are self robbing fools who find out their folly when it is too late. When you figure up whether you have income enough for economical and sensible Christians to marry on, make allowance for the possibility that God may give you sweet little mouths to feed and to kiss. The child that you with toil and frugality provide for, may provide for you when old age wants its sheltering roof.”

MAY A CHRISTIAN MARRY ONE OF THE WORLD?

Probably the most difficult question to approach, and the one very often too lightly passed by, is that of a Christian falling in love with one of the world. It may truly be said in many cases of that kind, “Demas hath forsaken me, having loved this present world.” Whenever a Christian falls in love with one not a Christian I have noticed signs of backsliding. They invariably get cold, and quite frequently lose all concern for their salvation.

The Hebrew law forbade the children of God to unite in marriage with the children of the world, and whenever that law was violated punishment followed. Samson courted Philistine daughters and it cost him not only his character but his life. His parents had objected to their son going with a Philistine. They reasoned with him: “Is there never a woman among the daughters of thy brethren, or among all my people, that thou goest to take a wife of the uncircumcised Philistines?” But Samson had lost his better judgment; he

was already drunk with the thought of feminine beauty, and replied, "Get her for me; for she pleaseth me well." He found the distance from Timnath by way of a Gaza flirt, and a Delilah, to the Philistine prison and to death, very exciting, but alas, also very short and destructive!

Henry Ward Beecher commenting on the twenty-eighth chapter of Genesis said, "Jacob's father forbade him to take a wife from the daughters of Canaan. Why? Because he knew that with the wife he would take the religion; that had he brought into his house the fairest and discreetest of wives, he would have brought in the cause of a long train of miseries with her. It is an old proverb that a man is what his wife will let him be; and old Isaac was a wise man when he said, 'Don't go among the Canaanites to get a wife!' Canaan now-a-days is everywhere. It is every house where there has been no family prayer, where mammon is god; where there is a godless household, there is the land of Canaan. A man that marries a good wife has very little more to ask of the Lord till he dies. A good wife is a blessing from the Lord, and there are very few blessings that He gives now or hereafter that are comparable to it. And marriage is a thing not heedlessly to be rushed into, but slowly, discreetly. It is anything but a fancy or a calculation. It is a matter of moral judgment and duty as high as any duty that lifts itself between you and the face of God....It is not wise to mix religions. A man who marries a wife of a different religion from his own, thinking afterward to bend

her to his views, has very little idea of timber." And F. B. Meyer of London says, "For a Christian to marry one out of Christ is the grossest folly. Not only is there a flagrant act of disobedience to the distinct command of Christ, but there is additional certainty that sooner or later there will be manifested an incongruity, a disparity, a want of sympathy, in the deepest and most sacred subjects." Mr. Meyer is a man of wide experience and has been admitted into numberless homes, notwithstanding he adds, "I have never seen perfect happiness where this distinct command of the gospel has been violated."

To a certain extent these words may be applied with the same force to marriage between parties belonging to different denominations, especially if there is a wide difference in creed. Observation teaches me that a marriage of that kind cannot be the happiest—can never be ideal. One or the other, or both, suffer disadvantages spiritually. And I farther notice, that of the two, the one less spiritual usually wins the day. Instead of the one yielding in points where he or she is farthest from the Word, that one casts off an air of indifference about such matters, and if there is to be peace, that "subject must be dropped."

Whenever one violates a distinct command of God to please a companion, the spiritual nature of that one suffers.

Our relations to God are so much higher than our relations to man or wife, as our spiritual nature is higher than our physical—and ought to be respected proportionately—a fact entirely too

much overlooked. But says some one, "Would God not send me a token if it were wrong for me to marry one of the world?" No; He has nowhere promised to do so. God let David go wrong on this question without a token. Samson was a much stronger person than either you or I, and God permitted him to be deceived in love, without a special fore-warning; and Solomon was wiser than either of us, and God permitted Solomon to fall a victim to false caresses, without a special interference; think not yourself an exception. Where God's word is distinct, that stands as our counsel-guide for all time.

God may, if you insist on teasing Him, grant your request, but will send leanness into your soul.

A WORD TO THE NEWLY MARRIED COUPLE.

No difference how ideal the marriage there will always come up incidents that afford an occasion for two opinions. The proper reconciliation of two minds will then be of the utmost importance to future happiness, but it should always be remembered that lovers, wives, husbands are poor, imperfect mortals after all."

"The kindest and happiest pair,
Will find occasion to forbear;
And something every day they live,
To pity, and perhaps forgive."

Although the wife is to be subject to the husband, God never intended that she should be considered a slave. She has a mind of her own, as well as man, and minds are not to be crushed, but trained

and educated. The two then are to become more and more reconciled, more like each other until both be as one—seeing alike—willing the same.

J. S. Coffman, evangelist, on one occasion, when I called upon him in a mood of despondency, (in my single days, of course) said, “Brother, I suppose that you and I must do like that husband and wife who got along so nicely together.” “How was that,” I inquired. He replied, “They made out that on no occasion would both give way to despondency. If one was down the other was to be up, and in that way help each other out on every trial, and truly bear each other’s sorrows and share each other’s joys.” I thanked him for the advice, and have since found that it works well in married life.

Learn to always confide in each other, and never forget to renew your affections. Love can be made, and once made, it is the duty of every husband to keep it replenished—keeping on hand a fresh supply. “Husbands love your wives, wives honor your husbands” is a command that we are able to do or God would not command it.

“It was thus, surely,” says Lady Rachel Russell, “that intellectual beings of different sexes were intended by their great Creator to go through the world together: thus united not only in hand and heart, but in principles, in intellect, in views, and in dispositions, each pursuing one common and whole end—their own improvement, and the happiness of those around them—by the different means appropriate to their situations; mutually correcting, sustaining, and strengthening each

other; undegraded by all practices of tyranny on the one hand. and of deceit on the other; each finding a candid but severe judge in the understanding, and a warm and partial advocate in the heart of the companion; secure of a refuge from vexations, the follies, the misunderstandings, and the evils of the world in the arms of each other, and in the inestimable enjoyments of undisturbed confidence and unrestrained intimacy."

I saw two clouds at morning,
Tinged with the rising sun,
And in the dawn they floated on,
And mingled into one;
I thought that morning cloud was blest,
It moved so sweetly to the west.

I saw two summer currents
Flow smoothly to their meeting,
And join their course, with silent force,
In peace each other greeting;
Calm was their course, through banks of green;
While dimpling eddies played between.

Such be your gentle motion,
Till life's last pulse shall beat;
Like summer's beam and summer's stream
Float on, in joy, to meet
A calmer sea, where storms shall cease,—
A purer sky, where all is peace.

—Brainard.





"We grow like those with whom we daily blend."

The first time I read an excellent book, it is just to me as if I had gained a new friend. When I read over a book I have perused before, it resembles the meeting with an old one.—*Goldsmith.*

I know that the matter of associates is not altogether under your own control. You are often obliged to be on familiar, if not intimate terms, with those whose society is not particularly interesting or profitable. They may be family connections, or near neighbors, or in some way have a claim on you. In these cases you must be patient, regarding it as an arrangement of Providence; and remember, in all your intercourse with them, either you will do them good, or they will do you hurt.—*Anon.*



CHAPTER XI.

FRIENDS.

There are two things I wish to consider under this head: the influence of books and the influence of companions. Books may, indeed, be our friends. They may also be our enemies. The poet Southey wrote:

“My days among the dead are passed;
Around me I behold,
Where'er these casual eyes are cast,
The mighty minds of old;
My never-failing friends are they,
With whom I converse night and day.”

A few minutes every day with some master mind has been the means by which some have acquired a liberal education on a certain line. Some of our best men have been self-made in this way. They were denied a college education, but poverty could not hold them from industry, and from improving every spare moment at home.

Probably the reason why so few appreciate the value of reading as a means of receiving an education, is because their attention has not been called to it. Men who have devoted much of their time to books know of what use books have been to them. Their word should be received with some consideration. Carlyle made a sweeping and probably in the estimation of many, a radical

statement, when he remarked, "The true university of these days is a collection of books." Those who cannot attend college and would like to have an education and "get knowledge" know a second choice which may be of more service in life than a first choice—

READING FOR A PURPOSE.

Thomas Hood, an author of no mean abilities, said, "A natural turn for reading and intellectual pursuits probably preserved me from the moral shipwrecks so apt to befall those who are deprived in early life of their parental pilotage. My books kept me from the ring, the dog-pit, the tavern, and the saloon. The closest associate of Pope and Addison, the mind accustomed to the noble though silent discourse of Shakespeare and Milton, will hardly seek or put up with that sort of company."

The Apostle Paul was well versed in Greek literature, and in his address to the learned Athenians could readily quote what some of their "own poets" had said concerning the fatherhood of God. In writing to the Philippian Church he sums up the essence of his letter in the following practical safeguard: "Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things."* Reading affords much solid thought matter. In another letter Paul advised

* *Phil.* 4:8.

young Timothy to "give attendance to reading," and that he is to prove all things and hold fast that which is good.

HOW TO READ.

Reading is a profession. It has to be learned if done to advantage. Some spend more time on a newspaper item than they do on a Sunday school lesson. Newspapers are to be "judiciously skipped;" but books, carefully read. Any one acquainted with the run of a "daily" or local paper should be able to find all the practical news it contains in ten minutes. There is so much "saw dust" in our modern newspapers, with a great deal of sensational matter, that the time spent in reading them is worse than wasted. They are not authoritative.

Books ought to be read largely by subject. Read such as treat the line of thought you wish to pursue, or chapters that treat upon it, and for the time no other. Prof. Breed advised that a book which is poorly indexed, should not be bought. "No one," says he, "has time to read a volume, to find the author's ideas on a certain subject contained in a few paragraphs. You want to be able to turn to the place at once, which is impossible if the chapters are poorly outlined and not systematically indexed."*

Coleridge divided readers into four classes: "The first may be compared to an hour glass; their reading being as the sand, it runs in and it runs out, and leaves not a vestige behind. The

* In an address to Oberlin Students.

second class resembles a sponge, which imbibes everything and returns it nearly in the same state, only a little dirtier. A third is like a jelly-bag which allows all that is pure to pass away, and retains only the refuse and the dregs. The fourth class may be compared to the slaves in the diamond mines of Golconda, who, casting aside all that is worthless, preserve only the pure gems." Paul belonged to the fourth class of readers. The same is true of Benjamin Franklin, Joseph Cook, and in fact all who have attained and held a prominent position in the esteem of the common people.

Many worthy men and women have formed the habit of reading with pencil and note-book in hand. Not a few mark the margins and underscore particular sentences. Theoretically speaking, that is the only way to read. Read with a purpose of receiving and retaining the good or not at all, and between the lines learn to do a great deal of thinking. Mrs. Elizabeth Barrett Browning, one of the most distinguished and gifted women of any age, claimed in later years that she did too much reading for the time she spent in thinking. F. W. Robertson, one of England's great divines, "never skimmed" and never turned aside to "merely inviting books." Sometimes he would spend six months on reading a small octavo. Harriet Martineau who was obliged by straitened circumstances to rely upon her pen in order to support her family—and she did it nobly—read only a page in an hour. Edmund Burke, it is said, "always so read a book as to make it his own—a possession for life."

I have observed that those who read carefully and thoughtfully always get more out of their few books than those who are termed fast readers get out of their many books. No one can afford to read

OUR COMMON RUN NOVELS.

We are living in an age of responsibility. No one has a right to waste means and squander time. To read simply for pastime or with no particular aim, subjects the mind to carelessness. Sometime when it should act it will have forgotten how. The same arguments hold good concerning novel reading. I know there are many who argue in favor of the novel, and that at the present time there are ten novels read to one other book, but with me facts are facts, and truth is more powerful than fiction. The promiscuous novel reader invariably deadens his senses and warps the judgment. I have preached to some such and the truth had only a fictitious effect. They were dead to it, they were dead to their own condition, they were novel killed. Goldsmith, himself a novel writer, in a sober moment said, "Above all, never let your son touch a novel or romance. How delusive, how destructive are these pictures of consummate bliss! They teach the youthful mind to sigh after beauty and happiness that never existed, to despise the little good that fortune has mixed in our cup, by expecting more than she ever gave."

There are saloon keepers who never allow their sons and daughters in the bar room, there

are actors who never allow their children to be introduced to the scenes behind the curtain, and there are novelists who would not allow their children to read their writings. There is very much difference whether it is our own child or some one else's child that is ruined. But the evil that we withhold from our own should be withheld from others. God is no respecter of persons and we ought not to be.

George Augustus Sala speaks of the pernicious effect of novel reading on girls (and the same arguments may be applied to boys) as follows: "Girls learn from such books to think boldly and coarsely about lovers and marrying: their early modesty is affected by the craving for admiration; their warm affections are silenced by the desire for selfish triumphs; they lose the fresh and honest feelings of youth while they are yet scarcely developed; . . . and yet they think, and their mammas think, that they are only advancing in 'prudence' and knowledge of the world—that bad contaminating knowledge of the world which I sometimes imagine must have been the very apple that Eve plucked from the forbidden tree. Alas, when once tasted, the garden of life is an innocent and happy Paradise no more."

There is really no need for any one to waste time in reading novels. The world is wide, and large, and beautiful, and the human race is ever active making history, all of which affords a never-ending line of research and of facts. "Of making books there is no end," and there is much less an end for any one reading them.

There may be fiction that stimulates a wholesome and a moral influence, but there is so much "wretched stuff" on the other hand and so many new volumes of all kinds every year to select from that very few people are competent to make a proper choice.

A few years ago the Boston Public Library was carefully investigated and found that the "library contains not only a great mass of worthless trash, but also many cheap and sensational productions, and many books of a directly immoral tendency; that the circulation of these books comprise three-fourths of the entire circulation of the library, and three-fourths of the class of books which may be designated as 'trashy' or immoral, circulate among pupils of the public schools; that the number of volumes circulated annually by the library is one million two hundred thousand, three-fourths of which, or nine hundred thousand, are 'trashy' or 'immoral,' and three-fourths of this latter number circulate among pupils of the public schools—about seventeen volumes to each individual scholar."*

WHAT ONE BOOK MAY DO.

"The Imitation of Christ" and "Taylor's Holy Living and Dying," it is said, determined both the calling and character of John Wesley. Henry Martyn became a missionary on reading the lives of Brainard and Cary. But Cary had been influenced to devote his life to the salvation of the heathen by reading "Voyages of Captain Cook."

* James M. Hubbard of Boston.

Joseph Lancaster, when fourteen years of age, read "Clarkson on the Slave-trade," and as a result he devoted his life to their education and religious development. Claudius Buchanan of India published a tract entitled, "The Star in the East." It found its way across the ocean and fell into the hands of an Andover student—Adoniram Judson—and added another missionary to the ranks of the truly great. "Essays to do Good" rescued Benjamin Franklin from the fate of agnosticism. Abraham Lincoln in his young years was influenced by his infidel friends to read Paine's "Age of Reason" and "Volney's Ruins." He was led for several years to doubt the Bible, became well-nigh unsettled in his moral character, and had he not regained his footing, the country would have been robbed of a good president. He confessed in later years that he had to do with the evil effects of those two books a life time.

Voltaire, when a boy, committed to memory an infidel poem and the sentiments colored his after life. David Hume studied the works of infidels to prepare for a debate, and he exchanged his belief in God for the chaff of unbelief, and died a failure.

The Jesse James "Books" of recent years sent many boys over the road in chains. Some of Ingersoll's writings were found in the pockets of several parties who committed suicide. Why should we argue this point farther? Any amount of evidence can be had to prove the powerful influence of books. Look well to the choice of your books, and if you do not trust your own judgment inquire of a good man or woman what you ought

to read. Some of the best men and women have had no other books except a "Pilgrims Progress" and the "Bible" best book of all.

COMPANIONS AS FRIENDS.

Attachments are formed early in life. There seems to be an instinct, a something, that lies beyond the reach of choice, which ties us to some and repels us from others. "Birds of a feather flock together," as a matter of course, but why, we may not always be able to explain. What seems more strange still is the fact that we are influenced by our enemies, by those we hate quite as well as by those we love. I am speaking of the commonplace mind.

Tennyson says, "I am a part of all that I have met," and it is the truth. We are "fearfully and wonderfully made." You and I had nothing to do in casting our lot wherein we were placed by birth, but we have everything to do (comparatively speaking) with our going out of this world. We are held responsible for our life, though we cannot choose our surroundings. Environment must be accepted as it is; and if it is not what it ought to be, the only thing left us is to make it better by making others better.

I have heard the argument that in the choice of companions we should choose such as are our superiors. Everybody cannot do that, besides it is a poor rule that does not work both ways. The better way—heaven's way—is to raise ourselves by raising others—to better our own condition by bettering the condition of others. "Condescend

to men of low estate," and lead them higher. One thing must be borne in mind, however, in associating with inferiors (if you allow me the term), we must never forget, that in such cases we are to set the example, and not they, while if we associate with superiors they are to set the example and not we. There is much to be gained in associating with those who are our

SUPERIORS IN MIND

and soul qualities. Emerson says, "Talk much with any man of a vigorous mind, and we acquire very fast the habit of looking at things in the same light and on each occurrence we anticipate his thought."

Some men's success in life may be said to have hinged upon coming in contact with some good man. There are those about us, who may, by half a dozen sentences pointedly put, in a critical moment change our life and our destiny. I am what I am, largely, because I met with whom I did. In a grove one evening, after work, a friend of mine argued that I should attend school at a certain place and give my life to the calling in which I am now engaged. I had never thought of such a course before, but to-day I look upon that half hour as a great crisis in the history of my life, and upon that friend as a personal blessing to me for which I can never repay him.

There are those whom I meet who tell me that their success in life hinges upon coming in touch with some one of influence. Some friend—man or woman of experience—helped in time of need and

bridged them over a chasm, and turned their feet from ruin into the path of life and of usefulness. Says a writer, "Companionship is education, good or bad; it develops man or woman, high or low; it lifts the soul upward or drags it downward; it ministers to virtue or to vice. There is no half way work about influence. If it enables it does it grandly; if it demoralizes it does it devilishly."* The telling effect of

BAD COMPANIONS

is great. One bad boy or girl in a school does much to lower the moral standard of the pupils in the district. One reckless character in a community is a moral leper who will surely give the disease to others. Sin is contagious, and soul coming in touch with soul unprotected is sure to spread the disease.

The influence of bad companions over a person is treacherous. Little by little it steals its way into the character of a friend. Unconsciously one bad thought after another is imbibed; a lesser sin paves the way for a greater, until the case has been so hardened that nothing is too low or mean to think of and do.

The habit of profanity is acquired in some such way. By-words pave the way for vulgarity, and vulgarity for profanity. It is seldom that a boy begins a great curser. He must needs first quit the Sunday school, learn to take a back seat in the church service, absent himself from religious service altogether, "go on a tear" with bad

* *Oracles of the Age*, p. 277.

companions, graduate in the school of vulgarity, and by that time profane language is his theme and wickedness his delight. "Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful."*

John B. Gough, a reformed drunkard, and matchless temperance orator, always lamented the evil companionship of his youth. Hear him tell the sad words: "I would give my right hand if I could forget that which I learned in evil society; if I could tear from my remembrance the scenes which I have witnessed, the transactions which have taken place before me. You cannot, I believe, take away the effect of a single impure thought that has lodged and harbored in the heart. You may pray against it, and, by God's grace, you may conquer it; but it will through life cause you bitterness and anguish."

Dr. Thomson, of New York, related an incident of a young man who had at one time been a member of his congregation, but because of evil companions was led astray; he went from bad to worse, and in three years met his doom. Will we listen to the doctor while he relates the story: "Two weeks ago to-day I knelt in that murderer's cell in company with his parents, sister, and brother, who had come for their last interview with him upon earth. That narrow cell was more solemn than the grave itself. Two weeks ago to-morrow I saw the youth who had once been of

* *Ps.* 1:1.

my spiritual flock, upon the scaffold. It was an awful scene. He made brief addresses. Oh, that you could have heard the warning of that young man from the scaffold! 'You know,' he said, 'how I was brought up. I had the best instructions a Christian father could give. Oh, if I had followed them I should have been in my dear father's home; but evil companions led me astray, and I have come to this! I hope, now, as I leave the world, my voice will warn all young men. Our desires and passions are so strong that it requires very little to lead us astray. I want to urge it upon all young men, never to take the first step in such a career as mine. When the first step is taken in the paths of sin it is very difficult to stop.'"

There is, however, a bright side to the question. We are told,

"FAITHFUL ARE THE WOUNDS OF FRIENDS."

It is not wise to always encourage a friend in his or her course. Sometimes the mind is set and the heart fixed to do a certain thing that is wrong, or that would, if pursued, eventually lead to ruin, in which case a true friend advises contrary to the wishes of the one asking counsel. It may cause wounds, but they are "faithful wounds." It is not wisdom to encourage a friend simply because one does not wish to hurt his or her feelings.

There are remarkable incidents on record of the blessings that result from strong friendship ties. There have been parties who have given up

their lives for friends. Paul had friends who would have plucked out their eyes and given them to him, if he could have used them; and he himself loved his brethren—the lost Jews—so fervently that he was ready to be “accursed” for their sakes, if that would have resulted in their salvation.

In Nebraska my attention was called to the friendship that existed between a grandfather and grandchild. The grandfather was inclined to be skeptically minded. His wife and several of his children became interested in his conversion, and arranged for a meeting at a daughter’s home, who lived near him. But he suspicioned “the net” and would not accompany his wife to the meeting. The daughter sent one of her older children to invite him, a second, and a third, but all to no purpose. At last she said, “Well there is one thing left me. Here is Willie (who was then three years old), he can do more with grandpa than any one else. They are fast friends. He cannot deny him.” Willie was sent to bring grandpa. He went, took hold of his hand, and innocently urged, “Grandpa, won’t you come to the meeting? Mamma and all the folks would like to see you, come grandpa!” It was too much for the old man. He pressed little Willie’s hand and with feeble step, tottering frame, and tears stealing their way down his care worn cheeks, followed him to the meeting where his heart was melted and his mind changed to forsake sin and live for Christ. A wonderful change took place in that home because the ties of friendship were used in the right direction.



O, holy power of pure, devoted love!
And O, thou holy, sacred name of home!
Prime bliss of earth! Behind us and before,
Our guiding-star, our refuge; when we plunge,
Loose from the safeguard of a father's roof,
On life's uncertain flood exposed and driven,
'Tis the mild memory of thy sacred days
That keeps the young man pure. A father's eye,
A mother's smile, a sister's gentle love,
The table, the altar, and the hearth,
In reverent image, keep their early hold
Upon his heart, and crowd out guilt and shame.

Then, too, the hope, that in some after day,
These consecrated ties shall be renewed
In him, the founder of another house,
And wife and children—earth's so precious name—
Be gathered round the hearth where he himself
Shall be the father—O, this glowing hope,
With memory co-working, lightens toil,
And renders impotent the plots of earth
To warp him from his innocence and faith!

—*Henry Ware, Jr.*



CHAPTER XII.

THE HOME.

The home stands next to religion in the catalogue of safeguards. It is the sweetest type of heaven, the happiest place on earth. Men, women, and children fly to its sheltering roof. They weep for it when it is gone, and will not be comforted, for it is not. Every evening millions turn their faces homeward and are made glad by the welcome of brothers, sisters, mother, wife, babies, friends. Whether the place be a garret, a cottage, or a mansion, if loving hearts be there, it is a home. The fatigue a hard day's labor brings with it takes wings at the thought of going home. The poet sings, "The woodman's ax lies free," but the woodman alone knows the heart beats a sunset occasions. The mariner far away from home, tossed to and fro by the waves of an angry sea in a dark and dreary night, all alone, feasts on happy dreams of home and dear ones.

"The heart of the sleeper beats high in his breast;
Joy quickens his pulses—all hardships seem o'er."

AN INCENTIVE TO RIGHT LIVING.

Home restraints are a powerful incentive to right living. J. G. Holland says, "A homeless man, or a man hopeless of a home is a ruined man." I have tried to find an exception to that statement

but I have failed. A man who has lost faith in woman, consequently in the home, has lost faith in himself and in his God. The sanctity of domestic life is a refining fire that burns up immoral contemplations.

There are men and boys who live unquestionable lives at home, but when out of reach of home restraints they act like colts let out on pasture. "The glass of wine, which never meets their lips at home, is indulged in without alarm among strangers. Bowling alleys and whist tables and billiard rooms, which are considered very bad things when among acquaintances, are transformed into excellent institutions in distant locations. Dignified gentlemen—officers of the church and officers of the state—become boyish and hilarious—not infrequently uproarious—in an unfamiliar presence."*

The refining influence of the home should ever be kept brightly kindled. Mothers and daughters have here a secret power that they do well to use skillfully. If they keep the respect of the stronger sex, they hold the key to success in character building. The dignity of womanhood, and the devotedness of the gentler sex to love and purity are the greatest blessings a woman may share on earth. Sometimes mothers and daughters lower themselves and lessen their influence over those of their own household, by being unkind to them, while strangers receive their kindest attention. Never drive your own boys or husbands out of the house, or parlor, because they soil the carpet,

* *Gold Foil*, p. 244.

or mar the furniture, and ask the stranger in who may chance to call occasionally. Boys have hearts, if they do seem "rough and awkward." They love to be treated kindly at home, above any other place. Some day you may wonder why your boys do not care to spend their evenings at home. Some night you may worry and pray and lose much sleep because of your "wandering boy." Ah! the trouble is you drove him out of your home and he has taken to the street, you locked him out of your parlor and he has taken to the saloon. Money will replace soiled carpet, money will buy new furniture, but money can never buy back the heart and character and soul of a lost boy.

HOME TIES

should be made strong. Family ties are a great blessing. There is no more agreeable sight than a Christian fireside, where father, mother, brother, and sister all delight themselves in song, conversation, in edifying reading and useful avocations. A home of sunshine, and joy and love and peace and mutual burden-bearing, is the best training school for children on earth. The Saturday evenings especially should be looked forward to with delight. In large families where some members work out and come home only once a week, the mother should take pains to gather all together at one time and have all enjoy themselves in a profitable manner. The time comes soon enough when some cannot come home when they like. Sweet memories of pleasant hours spent around the fireside will help them live better lives, and give courage when ambitions fail.

What memories cling around the old barn, the long lane, the shady woods, and the green fields! Though many years intervene between the home-leave and the home-return, all the ground made sacred by the touch of innocent feet, must be run over again. The hay-mow calls to mind boyish tumbles; the rafters, swallow nests disturbed; the lawn, happy social meetings; the orchard, beautiful fruit gathered; the fields, cattle grazing, lambs skipping, horses running; the surrey, the old family horse who served so faithfully; and most of all the house, with every room and nook, a chapter of meaning and of memories. The one spot more sacred than all others, the one never to be forgotten, the one so dear to the heart that we dare scarcely refer to it, is the place where father used to sit when he read to us out of the old family Bible, and where mother taught us to kneel and pray,

“Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep.”

But there are children who are

DEPRIVED OF PARENTAL CARE.

God alone knows what such are often called upon to suffer. The child without a mother or without a father suffers a great loss. Few people know how to deal with an orphan.

One day while hearing a class recite their fourth reader lesson, I was disappointed to see how thoughtlessly the poem “Mother’s Grave” was recited. I called attention to what they did. After explaining the nature of the poem, and

dropping the remark that perhaps few in the room were able to bring out the tender thought, because of not having passed through the experience of seeing a mother lowered in the grave, I began to read. There were several orphan children in the room, and before I was aware of what was taking place, I heard sighs, and sobs, and on looking up saw that the whole school was in tears.

The hearts of the motherless were touched, and others wept for sympathy. That lesson served the good purpose of teaching the children to be kind to the fatherless and the motherless in the school-room and on the play-ground.

Many heartaches would be spared were all conscious of the trials of an orphan. But should you be one of the unfortunate, remember that there is nothing gained by yielding to Giant Despair. Be noble! be brave! and make up your mind that by God's help you will not permit adversity, nor scoffs, nor knocks to kill the soul in you. Let that have unrestricted liberty to serve God, and live right. Some of the greatest and best men the world has ever seen, came from the ranks of orphans. Learn to trust in God, learn to work, learn to obey and to respect your masters, learn to be honest, and you will be on a fair way to success though deprived of a father's counsel, though denied a mother's prayer.

HOME TRAINING

is essential to good results. Children, the Word says, shall be "trained", not allowed to simply grow up. Restraints are absolutely necessary to

a healthy, moral growth. Young America loves liberty,—freedom and independence,—but unrestricted liberty is heathenism. There are laws that must be observed; there are commandments that must be obeyed, if the home and the nation is to be a safe place to be. The supreme motive that underlies every restriction and every command should be conceived in love and executed in fear.

I look upon the curfew law passed in recent years by many town councils to be a great blessing to our country.

Every child should be at home by half past seven o'clock, and if parents are ignorant of that fact, or have not the power to keep their children off the streets, the town council may assume authority along that line. Wherever the custom has been adopted, parents and citizens speak in the highest commendation of the law. Juvenile crimes are seldom committed, children get their required number of hours of sleep; they get their lessons, and learn to have respect for law and order.

Children do not always know what is best for them, so it becomes the duty of parents to direct them—not only tell them but actually direct them. To learn obedience in itself is a valuable lesson. Mr. Moody says, "Break your child's will when it is young or it will break your heart when it gets old." And the Bible says, "He that spareth his rod hateth his son; but he that loveth him chasteneth him betimes." I do not advocate corporal punishment, but I do most emphatically advocate obedience.

I have noticed that there are two extremes in bringing up children. One is all love and no rod, and the other all rod and no love. Of the two I hardly know which is the most ruinous. The rod should be applied only as a last resort, and never indiscriminately, or in a fit of anger. The fact that a child is a human being, capable of reasoning and judging for itself, should never be overlooked. An explanation often goes far to convince and gain a point. Confidence and honor ought to be highly respected.

“Mothers often weep in the presence of their sons on account of the anxiety that they feel for them,” says Mr. Sargent. “This is a great error, for in the first place it leads a young man to conceal that which he believes would displease his mother. This is often the beginning of a fatal reserve. Besides it causes him to feel that his mother has not confidence in him, and that however much she may love him she fears to trust his honor.”* Every parent should win and hold the respect of his or her child. But one of the growing evils of our land for some cause or other is

DISRESPECT FOR PARENTS.

“Honor thy father and thy mother,” is the first commandment with promise. There is little hope for the boy and the girl who disrespect their parents. God and nature stand against them. No child ever thinks, as a child, of the trouble it makes. Parents have a thousand difficulties to

* *Our Home*, p. 95.

contend with, on its account, of which it never dreams. In later years these may be recalled in part.

"Give us our portion of goods" is the demand of prodigals. But why? Who cleared the land, built the homes, planted the orchards, and tilled the soil, long years before you and I were able to do a day's work? Who buys our clothes, prepares our meals, makes our beds, and furnishes us our spending money? Who cared for us when we were babes and exposed ourselves to dangers seen and unseen? Look into that careworn countenance once more, and all to yourself think, that wrinkle on mother's forehead came there because of cares for you when you were wayward. The gray hairs on father's head came there because of anxious thoughts for you.

Parents often toil and worry and wear themselves out because they want to give their children "a good start in life." Yet children are sometimes ashamed of their parents. Mother may not dress as stylishly as the daughter would like, she may not know all the rules of etiquette, and when company comes, she would just a little sooner mother would not present herself in the parlor. She is good enough to get up a meal in the kitchen, but the daughter can entertain the company ever so much better, you know.

The son likes to see father when he needs spending money, but in speaking of him, to some of his chums, he refers to him as "the governor," "the old man," or "the boss." Now come, that is not nice, that is not right. "Honor thy father

and thy mother that it may be well with thee, and that thou mayest live long on the earth."

When Washington was elected to be the first president of the United States, he went immediately to his old home, the place of his childhood, "to pay a tribute of love to his mother." The scene is described as follows: "His head rested upon the shoulder of his parent—that brow, on which fame had wreathed the purest laurels that virtue ever gave to created man, relaxed from its lofty bearing. That look, which could have awed a Roman Senate in its Fabrician day, was bent in full tenderness upon the time-worn features of the venerable matron. The great man wept. A thousand recollections crowded upon his mind as memory retraced scenes long past, and carried him back to his parental mansion, and the days of his youth, and the center of attraction was mother, whose care, instruction, and discipline had prepared him to reach the topmost height of his laudable ambition; yet, how were his glories forgotten, while he looked upon her, from whom, wasted by time and malady, he must soon part, perhaps to meet no more."

There are

HOMES AND HOMES,

some good, some bad, some indifferent; every inmate of the home contributes toward making it what, some day, it will be—parents first, afterward the children. Neighbors lay an estimate upon every home. If it has won for itself a good reputation every member of that family inherits a fortune. "A good name," says the wise man, "is

more to be desired than riches." The boy, the girl, has prestige, because he or she comes out of a good home, and is well bred.

"Few to good breeding make a just pretense;
Good breeding is the blossom of good sense;
The last result of an accomplished mind;
With outward grace, the body's virtue join'd."

Character and good breeding are two qualities every mother should seek to plant into her offspring. The parents who fail to transmit and inculcate these principles into their children are missing their calling. Smiles used to urge that "Every one is duty bound to aim at reaching the highest standard of character; not to become the richest in means, but in spirit; not the greatest in worldly position, but in true honor; not the most intellectual, but the most virtuous; not the most powerful and influential, but the most truthful, upright, and honest."

Does it not stand to reason that a woman's first duty is to help train and build up the character of those about her, and that a mother's first duty is to look well after her own children and household? Talk about "woman's rights," "her sphere," "her capabilities to do a man's work"—there is no place she ought to feel more at home than at making a home. There is nowhere that she may do as much good and serve humanity better and exert a wider influence than in the institution called *home*.

Washington Irving wrote, "Often] have I lamented that Providence denied me the companionship of sisters; often have I thought had] I been

thus favored I should have been a better man." Was he right? Said a keen observer of human nature, "That man has been brought up in the society of intelligent and virtuous sisters." "How can you make that out?" inquired the one addressed. "Because he exhibits that gentleness and delicacy of feeling which result from the influence of intelligent and virtuous sisters," was the reply. Was that man right?

The mother who looks well after her own boys and girls, and brings them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, is doing the world a greater service, than the mother who neglects her own to attend mothers' meetings and gives lectures to old maids and wives who cannot afford to have children.

None need to despair because they are

LIMITED IN MEANS.

Rooms neatly kept, though small and few in number, are always attractive. Neatness and good taste may be had for the doing. Trees and vines about a house add much to its beauty and comfort. Some one, I know not who, has wisely said, "I would be glad to see more parents understand when they spend money judiciously to improve and adorn the house and the grounds around it, they are in effect paying their children a premium to stay at home as much as possible and enjoy it; but when they spend money unnecessarily in fine clothing or jewelry for their children, they are paying them a premium to spend their time away from home—that is, in those

places where they can attract the most attention, and make the most display."

Courage should be kept up in the midst of adversity and disappointment. Always hope for a better day, for "hope maketh not ashamed." If you cannot get all you would like now, "meekly wait and murmur not." Lay your plans and always aim to improve your home, until you have made it what it ought to be.

One cleanly, happy, attractive, Christian home in a neighborhood does much to inspire others to make their homes attractive. Have you ever noticed in driving over the country that certain localities are noted for their reckless buildings, poor fences, and crop failure? Then there are settlements where everything about the farm and around the house looks in place and beautiful and crops are good. The same thing is true of the town and city. Some streets are distasteful and repulsive, others are attractive and pleasant.

It should be the ambition of every parent to own a home of some kind. Newly married couples should aim to make ends meet. Better is a cottage you can call your own with some furniture, than a mansion well furnished that belongs to some one else. Too many want to run before they can walk when it goes to housekeeping. Hardship and toil and sacrifice to gain a good object mutually borne and endured knit two hearts together in a "common home" more than luxury and ease and idleness to keep up with the style boarding in a "hotel."

“There is beauty all around
When there’s love at home,”

and the place to make and keep love already made is to work together for the same purpose, to be mutually interested in the same cause, to weep over the same sorrows, and to rejoice over the same blessings.

“O, ask not a home in the mansions of pride,
Where marble shines out in the pillars and walls!
Though the roof be of gold, it is brilliantly cold,
And joy may not be found in its torch-lighted halls.
But seek for a bosom all honest and true,
Where love once awakened will never depart;
Turn, turn to that breast, like the dove to its nest,
And you’ll find there’s no home like the home in the heart.

O, link but one spirit that’s warmly sincere,
That will heighten your pleasure, and solace your care,—
Find a soul you may trust, as the kind and the just,
And be sure the wide world holds no treasure so rare!
Then the frowns of misfortune may shadow our lot,
The cheek-searing tear-drops of sorrow may start,
But a star never dim sheds a halo for him
Who can turn for repose to a home in the heart.

—*Eliza Cook.*





"I preached as never sure to preach again,
And as a dying man to dying men."

—*R. Baxter.*

"O, Thou great Friend to all the sons of men,
Who once appeared in humblest guise below,
Sin to rebuke, to break the captive's chain,
And call Thy brethren forth from want and woe,—

"We look to Thee! Thy truth is still the Light
Which guides the nations, groping on their way,
Stumbling and falling in disastrous night,
Yet hoping ever for the perfect day.

"Yes Thou art still the Life, Thou art the Way,
The holiest know; Light, Life, the Way of heaven!
And they who dearest hope and deepest pray,
Toil by the Light, Life, Way, which Thou hast given."
—*Theodore Parker.*



CHAPTER XIII.

RELIGION.

I believe it to be a man's duty to go through this world with his eyes open—to see things as they are—frankly admit the power of sin, and unhesitatingly encourage every good work. There is nothing gained by blindly beating the powers of darkness or by assuming an air of modest innocence, falsely so-called. Facts are facts; they may be stubborn things to deal with, disagreeable and all that, but the world has never been bettered by the plea of "ignorance" nor improved by the conduct of a coward.

A wise general surveys the enemy's territory, numbers his force, locates his stronghold, discovers his weak points, counts the cost, and lines up his own forces with a firm belief to gain the victory. Every lover of truth and of righteousness ought to believe sincerely and honestly in the final triumph of right over wrong, of good over evil. I have exposed pit after pit, and called attention to the fact that millions of the earth are enticed and slain—slain by the power of sin in the world—and now I wish to introduce the one great power that is able to save to the uttermost, and the one great power that has done more for the uplifting of humanity than all the other forces

combined, the one great safeguard—to keep saved—*The Christian Religion*.

There are religions and religions, but of no other can it truthfully be said, that it is the power of God unto salvation—that it saves to the uttermost, that it saves all who will, in short, that it is mighty to save.

Joseph Cook in an address before the Parliament of Religions at Chicago propounded a question to that body that stirs the soul to its sober depth. Said he, “Now, I hold that it is a certainty, and a certainty founded on truth absolutely self-evident, that there are three things from which I can never escape: my conscience, my God, and my record of sin in an irreversible *past*. How am I to be harmonized with that inescapable environment?

“Here is Lady Macbeth. See how she rubs her hands:

‘Out damned spots! will these hands ne’er be clean?
All the perfumes of Arabia could not sweeten this little hand.’

“And her husband in a similar mood says:

‘This right hand, it would the multitudinous seas incarnadine, making the green one red.’

“What religion can wash Lady Macbeth’s red right hand? That is the question I propose to the four continents and the isles of the sea. Unless you can answer that you have not come here with a serious purpose. . . I hold that we not only cannot escape from conscience and God and our records of sin, but that it is a certainty, and a strategic

certainty, that, except Christianity, there is no religion under heaven or among men that effectively provides for the peace of the soul by its harmonization with this environment."

That this religion has up to date been the most powerful incentive and force in bringing a lost world into the light of civilization and true happiness, history substantiates. Why then seek after or invent a system of teaching to take its place when that always has and always shall atone for sin and uncleanness? Or why seek the enjoyments and pleasures of this life only when they never have and never can pacify a guilty conscience nor make the hour of death a calm repose?

The Bible alone of all books on religion stands or falls by the word of prophecy.

ALL OTHER SCRIPTURES

at best only teach theories of right. Who ever heard or read of a prophecy predicting the coming of Confucius, of Zoroaster, of Buddha, of Krishna, or of Mohammed? Of Christ alone it was said, "For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Savior, which shall be unto all people," and of Him alone prophets and angels spoke thousands of years before He was born.

The Bible too upholds a higher moral standard than any other book. Moses wrote the law that forms the foundation for the statutes of every free republic and civilized country. And it is "strikingly significant that this wonderful moral law was communicated at a period when ethical truth among the then existing nations was at its lowest

point and the morals of the people lower than the teaching. Where did Moses get these words? Not from Egypt, nor from the desert where for forty years he lived. They were written by the finger of God and given to him.”*

It is reported that when the people of India challenged Dr. Pentecost for proof of the miracles Christ performed he simply said: “Look around you, even in India. The reported miracles of your gods and heroes stand only in stories, but each miracle of Christ was a living seed of power and love planted in human nature and has sprung up and flourished again, bringing forth after its kind wherever the Gospel is preached. Who cares for the lepers; who for the sick, and the blind, and the deaf, and the maimed? Till Christ came to India, these were left to die without care or help; but now every miracle of Christ is perpetuated in some hospital devoted to the care and cure of those who are in like case with the sufferers whom Christ healed.”†

A few years since there was a great deal of interest aroused in the discovery of what was called the

“DYNAMIC POWER OF SEEDS.”

A tiny seed sprouting under a great stone and lifting it out of place revealed a hidden power that astonished the world. Nature has in many different ways demonstrated its secret force in a similar manner. But the “dynamic power of the

* Geo. F. Pentecost of London.

† *The World's Congress of Religions*, p. 637.

incorruptible seed of the Word" reveals a much more valuable secret. That word buried in the heart of an individual, a people, or a nation, has caused some of the greatest revolutions the world has ever witnessed. It is the power that makes the desert bloom as a garden; and a land of watersprings, because the word is not received, is changed into a desert. "All the nations of the earth" before its Author "are as nothing, and the isles of the sea He taketh up as a very little thing."

The Gospel of Christ is the remedy for every form of sin, known or unknown. It is the power that inspires men to the most heroic efforts for good. It is a force that is able to cope with the profoundest problems of life and of death.

Garrison wrote, "Take away the Bible, and our warfare with oppression, and infidelity, and intemperance, and impurity, and crime, is at an end, our weapons are wrested away,—our foundation is removed,—we have no authority to speak and no courage to act." And Dr. Mears argues, "Rufus Choate found the Constitution of the Republic in his Greek Testament, was Choate right? Robert C. Winthrop asserted that our highest civilization is only the application of the divine precepts to daily life and conduct, was Winthrop right? James Russell Lowell claimed that Christianity has gone and cleared the way for every decent, moral place on the globe—a statement born out by history.

"Its teachings and principles have become the timbers of governments. It contains the only

standard by which to reform people back to where they once stood. The great Master drifted His words down to the lowest and most despised among men to save them.”*

WHAT A SINGLE TEXT MAY DO.

It is wonderful what a single text has already accomplished. It is said that the poet Cowper was at one time so discouraged and troubled, so burdened, so distressed, so shrouded in melancholy, and weary of life, that he concluded to drown himself in the river Ouse. He hired a cabman to drive him along the country road to the river three miles away. But the cabman lost the way and Cowper had time to reflect. Old time scenes and experiences flashed across his mind; he thought of mother, home, the church, the Gospel—that “these light afflictions which endure for a moment, shall work for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.” “I am persuaded that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us;” and then a prayer. It saved him from that awful act which he had contemplated. He ordered the cabman to take him home, and there he wrote:

“God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform;
He plants His foot-steps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

“Ye fearful saints fresh courage take;
The clouds ye so much dread

* *Oberlin Lectures*, p. 70.

Are big with mercy and shall break
In blessings on your head."

"Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face."

A single sentence spoken to the prisoners of New York state among whom was "Jerry McAuley," by a man of God, set that noted rogue and criminal to searching the Word—the seed had lodged in a rocky heart and it served as a 'hammer,' to break it "to pieces." Before his death he was the means of preaching the Gospel to thousands and completely revolutionizing the notorious Five Points. "Did you ever make a consecration of yourself to God?" a friend asked Wendell Phillips. He replied, "Yes, when I was a boy fourteen years of age, I heard a sermon on the theme, 'You belong to God,' and I went home after the sermon and threw myself on the floor of my room, having locked the door, and said, 'God, I belong to you. Take what is thine own, I ask but this, that wherever a thing be right, it takes no courage to do it, that wherever a thing be wrong, it may have no power of temptation over me.' So has it ever been with me since that night."

The Fiji Islanders were saved from polygamy, witchcraft, superstition, and heathen darkness, and brought into the glorious liberty of civilization and Christian enlightenment, by the power of the Gospel. The Sabbath so strictly observed, and the first sound that greets your ears in the

morning and the last at night is the sound of family worship in the village.”*

AN APOSTOLIC FAITH AND WORK.

The Gospel was a power in the days of the Apostles; it has been ever since. I look to the Christ for final power to overthrow every institution that lifts itself against the truth. You and I may not live to *see* the day, but He will some day put “all enemies under His feet.” “And when all things shall be subdued unto him, then shall the Son also *himself* be subject unto *him*, that put all things under him, that God may be all in all.”†

Do not “run before God” in trying to put an end to evil—whatever it be. The Lord makes haste slowly, but He does His work thoroughly. Paul says that the preaching of the cross in licentious, defiled Corinth changed thieves, drunkards, cursers, self-abusers, fornicators, swindlers, pleasure worshipers, and all manner of corrupted beings, into saved, soul-cleansed, character-restored, honorable, justified, sanctified men and women fit for heaven.‡

In Ephesus, the city wholly given to the worship of the popular Diana, the Gospel had a similar effect. Such as were dead in trespasses and sin were called to life and redeemed, and both great sinners and those morally good (?) were raised up together in heavenly places, that in ages to come He might show the exceeding riches of His grace in His kindness toward all through

* *At Home in Fiji*, p. 86.

† 1 Cor. 15:28. ‡ 1 Cor. 6:9, 10.

Christ. Peter bears witness to similar facts concerning the power of the Gospel.”*

Is it not strange that men, in the face of so great a cloud of witnesses, insist on doubting the practicability and power of God's Word to reach and save men of every condition? that men—good men—insist on outward appliances—education, training, culture, legislation, sword, brute force—to be the power by which to reform and make people better? These experiments have failed time and again. The masses go their way, individuals turn to God and live. Forced reform, forced order, forced peace, has ever proved to be a sham. Laws on the statute books, and not in the hearts of a people, serve as a dead letter. “Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of Hosts.”

THE ONE THING NEEDFUL.

I have said it before, I will say it again, do all you can to better the condition of society—reform, teach, exhort, instruct, legislate, but know that as a foundation upon which to build a successful reform and permanent good nothing short of gospel salvation dare be placed. “These things ought ye to have done, and not left the other (preaching and personally accepting Christ) undone.”

Men with a wide experience in teaching and preaching, like Prof. Drummond, are coming back to believe the old way of saving the world by saving individuals—one by one—not the masses. Says he, “It is idle to talk of Christ as a social

* 1 Pet. 4:3.

reformer if by that is meant that His first concern was to improve the organization of society, or to provide the world with better laws. These were among His objects, but His first was to provide the world with better men. If every workshop held a workman like Him who worked in the carpenter's shop at Nazareth, the labor problem would soon be solved. If every street had a home or two like Mary's home in Bethany, the domestic life of the city would be transformed in three generations.

“External reforms—education, civilization, public schemes, and public charities—have each their part to play. Any experiment that can benefit by one hair-breadth any single human life is a thousand times worth trying. There is no effect in any single one of these directions, but must, as Christianity advances, be pressed by Christian men to ever further and fuller issues. But those whose hands have tried the most, and whose eyes have seen the farthest, have come back again to regard first the deeper evangel of individual lives, and the philanthropy of quiet ways, and the slow work of leavening men one by one with the spirit of Jesus Christ.”*

THE TWO GREAT FORCES.

There are two great forces Christ has handed down to every true follower—the force of character and the force of telling good news—the gospel-well. And if one knows how to use and how

* *The City without a Church*, p. 31.

to apply these properly, he never fails to wield a mighty influence for good in the home, in the community, in the nation. True character goes far in making good impressions. "How can I hear what you say when that which you do is continually thundering in my ear," said a man of the world to a Christian, who made loud professions and lived badly. That has been the trouble; man works all the while to improve the outside while God's way is to begin on the heart and work a man over from center to extremity that he may not only "talk" but "shine" as well. Let the knowledge of experimental salvation and the blessing of a "bread and butter" religion pass from soul to soul until the town, the neighborhood, the city, the commonwealth be saturated with the effects of such results and the pitfalls of life will be shorn of their fascination, and robbed of their power.

Man needs to learn over and over, the old, old story that Christ has come to save sinful men, that He "has come to seek and to save," that "there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved," and that He can save to "the uttermost." Hold Him up to a lost world as the one great blessing to man. Hold Him up as the one that can keep "from falling." Hold Him up as the one that is the only true guide—the one Safeguard.





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